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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. BRIGHT began his speech at Manchester on Monday by an assertion that Her Majesty was in favour of Reform, and that the danger of the House of Peers was from within, not without. He repeated his old statements,—that of seven millions of grown men only a million and a quarter had votes, that the county representation was “a dead body tied to the living body of the borough representation,” that 109 boroughs, with 1,350,000 people, paying 367,000*l.* income-tax, returned 215 members; while 145 boroughs, with 9,305,000 people, paying 5,240,000*l.* income-tax, only return 181 members. He believed there was no security against bribery except in large constituencies and the ballot, held that the opposition to the Reform Bill was “malignant and discreditable,” asserted that the Tory party had endorsed Mr. Lowe's libels on the workmen warmly; urged that if there were poor and deplorable classes in England that was the fault of the ruling class—which is “worrying the dry bones of theology;” boasted of free trade as the cause of the present prosperity, and declared that Lord Derby's failures were recorded in the annals of England for thirty years. He strongly recommended them to reject Lord Derby's Reform Bill by anticipation, for “if he does introduce one, it will be as before—it will be some juggle, some dishonest trick, something base, like the means by which they overthrew the Bill of Lord Russell's Government.”

On the following day Mr. Bright was entertained by the Northern Department of the Reform League, and in returning thanks menaced his opponents very distinctly with force:—“I believe that however much any of us may abhor the thought that political questions in any country should ever again be settled by force, yet there is something in the constitution of our nature, when these evils are allowed to run on beyond a certain period unredressed, that the most peace-loving of men are unable to keep the peace.” He held it to be “no more immoral to use force for the securing of freedom, than for a Government by force to suppress and deny that freedom.” Eh? Surely Mr. Bright thinks it is immoral to suppress freedom by force, and if so, then to gain it by force is on his showing an immoral act! Not to make much of a verbal blunder, however, Mr. Bright will at least acknowledge that unnecessary force is immoral,—that it is wrong, as well as cruel, to slap a child before he has disobeyed. If the people will to have Reform, they will have Reform, and to talk about force is useless provocation.

The revolt in Palermo has been suppressed. It is attributed by the Clericals to the Reds, by the Liberals to the Clericals, and by the Italian correspondent of the *Times* to Austrian intrigue, which, however, must have worked through local agents. Considerable numbers of Austrian officers are said to be in the island, and the 5,000 men who took possession of Palermo were strongly organized and resisted the Royal troops like soldiers. There is no doubt considerable discontent in Sicily, where the monks are strong, where property is in few hands, and where the Government has been guilty of some neglect. Police order is very bad, and there is considerable distress, for want at once of land and occupation.

Rumours still continue about the illness of the Emperor of the French, but he went to Biarritz on Friday, where he is to receive, it is said, Count Bismarck to settle the fate of Belgium, Prince Gortschakoff to settle the Eastern question, and General Mena-

brea to arrange for the evacuation of Rome. That is rather a large programme for a sick man, and though the Emperor is probably not in danger, he is certainly both sick and in pain, looks puffy in the face, stoops more than ever, and is unable to bear fatigue. Biarritz, it is said, suits him, and he may remain till it is cold.

The Government of Prussia has settled its dispute with the Chamber about the Reserve Fund. It accepts 6,000,000*l.* instead of 9,000,000*l.*, and promises not to spend any of it, except in time of danger, without the consent of the House. In announcing this resolution Count von Bismarck made a remarkable admission. Prussia, he hinted, might still be compelled to defend what she had acquired. “In such a position the unforeseen often plays an important part. We must have our hands on our swords and our purses well filled.” He thought the Eastern question might lead to serious European difficulties, and called on the House to trust the Government. This allusion to the Eastern question confirms the numerous reports, some of them, as we know, believed by diplomatists of experience, as to the expected revival of that formidable difficulty. It must not be forgotten that a Hohenzollern now governs the Principalities.

None of the accounts from Candia appear worthy of much credence. According to one, the Turks have defeated the Greeks, according to another, the Egyptian troops have been forced to capitulate. According to a letter from Candia of the 17th inst., published in the *Star*, the latter statement is correct, the writer adding that the Cretans have killed the Egyptian hostages, in revenge for “indescribable atrocities” committed on their compatriots in other districts by the Turks. It seems certain that the revolt has not been suppressed, that the Cretans intend, if successful, to join Greece, and that the Pacha of Egypt is asking to have Candia added to his hereditary pashalic. The Turkish Government is despatching reinforcements, and it is said that numerous Greek officers have reached the island to aid the insurgents, who of course fight with the desperation a fear of Turkish cruelty always produces. No amnesty will tempt them, unless guaranteed by some European power.

The *Times*, its Philadelphia correspondent, and the *New York Herald*, the three stoutest supporters of Mr. Johnson's policy, are agreed in abandoning him, and in advising him to submit to Congress. His speeches, they say, have cost him a hundred thousand votes, and he has now no chance of carrying out his “policy,” *i. e.*, of annulling the decision of the war. The reason for this conversion is the vote of Maine, which was expected to be Republican by a narrow majority, but which shows an immense increase in the “Radical” party. We have explained elsewhere the hope which these journals abandon, and need only add here that the correspondent of the *Standard*—a journal warmly in favour of slavery and of Mr. Eyre—apologizes for Mr. Johnson, on the ground that he cannot face a crowd without stimulants, and takes too much of them—an often repeated libel. Mr. Johnson's worst stimulants are his own temper, his social deference for a few Southerners, and his deep ignorance of Northern sentiment, stimulants which may yet induce him to refuse obedience to the nation. The correspondent of the *Daily News*, a cool and cautious observer, evidently believes that he will resort to force, and it must be remembered that Mr. Seward, who knows the strength of the North, is seriously ill. It seems to be believed in the States—we do not know this—that the attempt to assassinate him seriously affected his mind.

Mr. Beecher has published a second letter, in which he may be said to have “hedged” on the subject of the breach between the President and the Congress. He is not, he says, a “Johnson man.” He goes a certain way with Mr. Johnson, but not the whole way. He is shocked at his recent speeches. He writes a little criticism on his character. Mr. Johnson is “proud and sensitive, firm to obstinacy, resolute to fierceness, intelligent in his own sphere (which is narrow),” and so forth. It appears that

Mr. Beecher gave up the idea of fighting for the concession of the political vote to the negro as the only guarantee against his oppression in the South, when the present Congress was found unwilling to adopt so strong a course. "I instantly turned," says Mr. Beecher, "to moral means." If Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden had been equally malleable to the Whig conservatism about Free Trade, how long would not the Corn Laws have stood? After launching into his "moral means,"—his "soothing policy,"—Mr. Beecher becomes generally confused and poetical. "Just now these angry voices come to me as rude winds roar through the trees. The winds will die, the trees will live,"—which is doubtless true as a fact, but difficult of metaphorical application. What are the trees through which the angry voices come and which are going to live? If they are the political parties in which the angry voices may be heard rustling, we think it very likely they will live. And the Southern loyalists and negroes—why, they bid fair to go the way of the winds, and not the way of the trees.

Sir Samuel Baker has been, we find, greatly shocked by the malignity of the critics who have commented on his discursive and irrelevant letter concerning the negro of Central Africa, and is now so convinced of the wickedness of the anti-Eyre party, that he has forwarded a contribution to the Eyre Defence Fund, with warm expressions of sympathy for Mr. Eyre's position, and a strong intimation that he holds the prayer in the Litany against "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" to be indirectly a prayer for Mr. Eyre and for the confusion of his enemies. This week, no doubt, there is excuse for Sir S. Baker's frantic zeal. He wrote a very rignarole letter to the *Times* of Wednesday week, which everybody has been regretting from so pleasant a writer, and now he writhes under the general chorus of laughter directed against him for solving every question, however far from his proper field of view, by reference to 'Central Africa.' Indeed, one can scarcely help being reminded of the Cambridge man who had got up the binomial theorem for his examination, and knew nothing else, and when asked to solve a problem in optics, wrote down, "Before we can do this, we must first prove the binomial theorem,"—and proved it. Only that poor man had the excuse of being examined. Sir S. Baker volunteers his equally naïf reply as to the negro of the West Indies,—“Before we can understand him, we must first study the negro of Central Africa.”

By far the best criticism on Sir S. Baker's letter—a briefer but almost equally effective note on the subject from a negro appears to-day in another column,—was the reply of "Jacob Omnium" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Wednesday. "J. O." remarks that though Sir Samuel and Lady Baker were very fortunate in residing so long unscathed among the tiger-negro race of Central Africa, the evidence of Sir S. Baker concerning that race is no doubt decisive; but that as to the tiger negro of the West Indies, he himself, as a Guiana planter of thirty years' standing, is perhaps even a better authority. He remarks that during these thirty years a chronic struggle has been going on between planter and labourer as to the rate of wages, and the amount of labour which even high wages should command. The planters have therefore imported Malay, Coolie, and Portuguese labourers to eke out the labour supply, and yet during the whole of that time there has been but one serious riot between the Creole negroes and the immigrants, in which riot no lives were lost; and "J. O." remarks that the British navy is not so tolerant of foreign competition, as the recent extrusion of the Belgian spademen from the Sussex railway works shows. The criminal statistics of British Guiana show such crimes as arson, murder, and rape to be almost unknown, and this though the planters' houses are very thinly scattered over a wide surface thickly populated by negroes. Sir Samuel Baker will probably be cured, by this masterly letter, of his preference for judging of the true type of a race in that stage of civilization, whatever it be, in which it has had the good fortune to be visited by Sir Samuel Baker.

It is reported that cholera is again spreading in North London, but the last weekly return shows a decrease in the total mortality from the disease, the deaths having receded from 182 to 150, while those from diarrhoea are 98 against 110. The excessive rain seems to have had less effect in arresting cholera than usual, but the real wonder, considering what London is, is how the disease ever disappears at all. It was stated at a public meeting in Bethnal Green on Thursday that the water companies refuse water to the poor between noon on Saturday and noon on Monday. They were asked to grant a supply on Saturday evening during the sick time, and of course refused. Yet Parliament will not take a step towards the extinction of these odious monopolies, or the supply

of water gratis, or the purification of the paid-for dole. It is lucky air is not saleable, for the House of Commons would infallibly invest some company or other with a monopoly of it, and then let the company kill as many people as it liked.

An absurd story is going the round of the papers about a constitution to be granted to his subjects by the Pacha of Egypt. It is to be on the French plan, with universal suffrage, Council of State, limited right of debate, and all the rest of it. If that is true, let the Egyptian bondholders look to it, for the object of that grotesque device must be to create a new taxing machine. The report is, however, in all probability a mere Levantine canard. The true constitutional "Chamber" of every Asiatic country is the free Divan, to which notables are summoned as well as officials, and entitled to speak exactly what they think in the presence of the sovereign. To punish anything said on such occasions is considered an act of treachery and oppression, and such divans have often modified the course of the ruler. If the freedom of speech could be made perfect, the plan would work well enough.

It is believed that the differences which impeded the cession of Venetia have all been removed, Italy giving way somewhat about boundary, and Austria about money. Italy is not to have the northern shore of the Lake of Garda, or to accept any but the Lombardo-Venetian debt. It is supposed that Venice will be entered on the 10th or 12th of October, and the Commandant has warned the Venetians to wait till then, and not insult the troops. The plebiscitum is to be taken, but there is no doubt whatever as to its result. In Venice the single advantage of Austrian rule, low taxation, did not exist, and the Venetians are well aware that a republic is impossible. It is expected by the Italian Government that the vote will be nearly unanimous, and the Liberation Committee desires to make it quite so.

Mr. C. J. O'Donel, stipendiary magistrate in Dublin, has been giving the world a rare example of Irish justice. A boy of three and a half was brought before him on Saturday, charged with begging in the public streets. It was not alleged that the poor baby was a Fenian, or an advocate of tenant-right—had he been, we could have understood anything—he was simply begging, and the magistrate sentenced him to fourteen days' imprisonment *with hard labour* in Richmond Bridewell. When the child arrived at the prison, presumably with his little fist in his eyes and a general feeling that crying was a relief, the Governor did not know what to do with him, had no uniform small enough, and no clear idea of what would be hard labour to a baby. Having some vestige of common sense and humanity, however, he put him in hospital, and a report suggesting free pardon was sent to Government. Mr. O'Donel, we presume, intended by this sentence to punish the child's mother for sending him out to beg, a proceeding exactly as fair as it would be to whip a son of Mr. O'Donel's because his father is an unjust judge.

The receipts for messages by the American Cable are stated officially to reach 1,000*l.* a day, which amount may be considerably increased by a lower tariff.

Trouble is expected at Rome from the excessive financial pressure. The Bank of Rome no longer changes its bills, and money is not to be had, except at a sacrifice of from 10 to 11 per cent. There is talk of an issue of inconvertible currency, and the middle classes feel the want of specie so bitterly that there are fears of an open *émouée*. It is stated that the reaction is again in the ascendant, and that the Pope will make no concessions, but we believe the Italian Government is convinced that the Convention will be carried out. The legion of Antibes, composed of French soldiers, has arrived, and will suffice as a personal guard to His Holiness, but the French once withdrawn, the districts outside Rome will proceed at once to secularize themselves, administration resting perhaps for the time with the communes themselves, which are as alive in the Roman States as everywhere else in Italy. The King's Government is accordingly drawing a heavy cordon of troops round the Roman territory, "to repress disorder."

Who composed that overpowering eloquence poured forth on Mr. Bright at the Reform meeting on Monday at Manchester, and which Mr. Bright endured like a hero, without more than the faintest indication of a desire to smile? We could scarcely find its match without going either to a Fenian meeting or a United States caucus. "The cry for Reform resounds throughout the North, rolling in determined tones over the plains of Lancashire, rushing along her valleys, and echoing from hill to hill." That is pretty well. How does a cry "roll in determined tones?" We understand a cry uttered in determined tones, but when the cry

has once set off rolling it has apparently got into metaphor, and therefore, we should have thought, left its 'tones,' which are not metaphorical, behind it. When, too, at the next stage, it 'rushes' along the valleys, it seems to have returned into metaphor, the metaphor of a stream, but then, again, it is afterwards 'echoed from hill to hill,' which is not after the usual fashion of a stream. Then, there is a good deal more about "laurels," and "unfading lustre," and "impending future," and all the regular stuccoed rhetoric. Mr. Bright, who is a great master of style, must have shivered as he listened.

The Bishop of Natal writes to Wednesday's *Times* to say that his private letter objecting to prayer to Christ as unscriptural was hastily written to catch a mail, and never for a moment intended for publication. He asserts that he is quite "prepared to use" the Liturgy of the Church of England as it stands, but that he believes the practice of praying directly to Christ to be unscriptural, and the development of a later age than that of the New Testament. The Bishop has a fair right to take this position. But if he objects on principle to prayer to Christ, we do not know how he can ever use the Liturgy as it stands. We should have thought it certain that almost all the Litany, certainly all that section of it to which the response is "Good Lord, deliver us," is addressed to Christ. The invocation "by the mystery of Thy holy incarnation" clearly proves this. The Bishop has been exceedingly ill-used, and we should see with sincere sorrow any charge against him that could be sustained. But we can scarcely understand any objection on principle to prayer to Christ, unless on the ground of a doubt as to the Incarnation. But the mere dislike (not on theological grounds) to a practice without distinct precedent in Scripture is conceivable enough, and that may be consistent also with the habit of conforming in the cases which have already crept into our Liturgy, while protesting against their multiplication.

A curious correspondence has been going on in the *Times* about the frauds practised at auctions. It seems that the seedy-looking persons who hang about auctions, and call themselves commission agents, have a system of insulting every private bidder, and often spoil his property. On the other hand, the dealers in each trade, second-hand booksellers particularly, are in the habit of combining to keep the bids down, buy everything at a low price, resell it by mock auction or "knock-out" among themselves, and divide the difference. That is, they steal from the original seller the difference between what he gets and the true value. The power of correcting both practices ought to be conferred on the auctioneer. Let him be able to expel any person from the sale-room under penalty of an immediate appearance before a magistrate, and to decline to let goods go whenever he sees an unfair combination to depreciate them, and let failure in either duty be visited with the withdrawal of his license. We are far too merciful in this country to the system of petty cheating now so prevalent, which presses harder on honest tradesmen even than on their customers. Why should not a man who is disorderly in an auction-room get a month, as well as a man who is disorderly in the street?

The legitimate, by which is meant the Shakespearian drama, is once more in possession of Old Drury. Mr. Chatterton opened his winter campaign a week ago with a tragedy and a comedy, each "razeed," to use a dockyard term, in order that the acting of both might be brought within a compass of time endurable by flesh and blood. *King John* is not one of the best of the acting tragedies, nor is Mr. Phelps seen to most advantage in the scoundrel brother of the brilliant *Cœur de Lion*. Shakespeare's Philip Augustus, by the way, is altogether a mistake. But while neither *King John* nor *Falconbridge* was a particularly striking performance, Mrs. Hermann Vezin is a very creditable Constance, who can speak the poet's language, and act a passion of rage or grief without tearing it to tatters. The juvenile prodigy who performed the part of Arthur is one of the most natural elocutionists on the stage, and effective because he is natural. It will be a pity, should the little fellow, when he grows into a big fellow, grow also stagey and unnatural. Master Percy Roselle's pleading with Hubert was, in its way, equal to the acting of Mrs. Vezin. The fun of the *Comedy of Errors* was wonderfully sustained by those amazing Dromios, the Messars. Webb, who are exactly alike, so that you know not one from the other, and do not believe there are two until you see them on the stage together, and by Mr. Barsby and Mr. Sinclair, who each bear the name of Antipholus, and who look, and speak, and walk, and act alike, though the likeness is not quite so complete as that of the Dromios. All Shakespearians and all lovers of glorious fun should

go to see the *Comedy of Errors* as it is now presented at Drury Lane. Mr. Dion Bouicault, who recently complained quite feelingly of the painful necessity of occupying every theatre in London, to which he seemed likely to be forced by the popularity of his works, is to write a play for the spring.

We read with a good deal of amazement in the *Morning Star* of Wednesday that "A Man following his own Body to the Grave" is certainly a sensational heading, but if the narrative which we publish in another column is true, that and much more of an equally astonishing character has recently occurred in London." We cannot, for our parts, imagine anything of "an equally astonishing character" to a man's "following his own body to the grave," except indeed a man's following his own body anywhere, which would be quite as astonishing as his following it to the grave. However, the narrative disappointed the promise held out by the Irish writer in the *Star*. It turned out to be only a story of a man's following his own coffin to the grave, which was ingenious for its intended object, but not even marvellous. A man called Vital Douatt, a Bordeaux merchant, who had been bankrupt, and who wished his wife to get the money insured on his life, pretended to die, procured a certificate of death by trickery, and followed under an assumed name a lead coffin to the grave in St. Patrick's Cemetery, Low Leyton, which he gave out as containing his own corpse. But though it may not be easy to do this in general without immediate detection, there is nothing more remarkable about it than about any other lie to which our poor humanity is so often driven. Douatt was found out, and is now in French custody for the fraud.

Last week, at Exeter, Earl Fortescue distributed the certificates obtained by the Devonshire candidates in the local examinations of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and Mr. Lowe made a speech which, like all Mr. Lowe's speeches, was an able one. He declared himself cordially for the admission of women to these examinations, remarking justly enough that if women are not fitted for them, as is said, women will be plucked; and he made another point of some importance in deprecating the multiplication of competitive examining bodies for the purpose of testing general education in the country, while insisting of course on the advantage of having as many competitors as possible as examinees. The tendency, said Mr. Lowe, of the present day towards having so many testing bodies, is likely to lead to the application of different standards of education to different persons; and as the chief advantage of the examination is to have reliable tests of the relative education of different persons, we may lose as much by the multiplication of examining bodies as we should by the multiplication of mints with different standards for testing gold and silver. The man who comes out in the first rank from the Oxford local examination may be no better than the man who comes out in the second rank from Cambridge, and so the test loses part of its value. The Universities should combine to apply a common standard, and stamp education with an authoritative mint stamp that would be as nearly as possible the same all over the country.

A reduction of one-half per cent. has been made in the rates of discount this week, and the minimum quotation at the Bank of England now rules at 4½ per cent. The Bank return is very favourable, the supply of coin and bullion being 16,729,262½, and the reserve of notes and coin, 8,679,597½. The Consol market during the week has ruled firm, with but little change in prices. For money, the quotation has mostly been 89¼ to 89½, and for account, 89½, ½.

The closing prices of the leading Foreign Securities yesterday and on Friday week are subjoined:—

	Friday, Sept. 21.	Friday, Sept. 22.
Mexican	10½	10½
Spanish Passive	22½	22½
Do. Certificates	—	11½
Turkish 6 per Cent., 1858	—	59½
1864	87½	87½
United States 5.30's	72½	71½

Annexed are the closing prices of the leading British Railways yesterday and on Friday week:—

	Friday, Sept. 21.	Friday, Sept. 22.
Great Eastern	29½	29½
Great Northern	118½	118½
Great Western	83½	84½
Lincolnshire and Yorkshire	124½	122½
London and Brighton	87½	84
London and North-Western	119	117
London and South-Western	80½	81½
London, Chatham, and Dover	21½	20½
Metropolitan	128½	127½
Midland	122½	120½
North-Eastern, Berwick	104½	103
Do. York	100	101
South-Eastern	69½	69½

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MR. BRIGHT AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE oldest and most sagacious of popular historians has said in his pathetic way, "this is the worst suffering among men, that one who has many insights should have no power," and it is difficult to listen to the matchless power of Mr. Bright's speeches, to see the many qualifications which they need, and to observe how completely they would lose their grand simplicity of effect if those qualifications were introduced, without keenly feeling "this worst suffering among men," and experiencing almost the same sense of impotence as if we were asked to persuade an equinoctial gale to steer its course by compass allowing strictly for the variation of the needle. In his great speech of Monday last there was not only immense force, but a large proportion of reason, and yet there was so much that he did not say, so much that it would have spoiled the massive vigour of his speech and ruined the very structure of its homely and weighty passion to have said at all, and which is yet absolutely true and germane to the question, that there is no choice left to his critics but to qualify painfully the blows of this political Ajax at the risk of seeming to perplex what Mr. Bright leaves simple, and to limit assertions urged in a style little capable, if not incapable, of limitation. There is this comfort, however, that great simplicity, artistic as it often is, is a certain test of divergence from the complexity of truth. In nature nothing is really simple; the roughest sailor must allow for variations of the needle; the rudest astronomer must admit that his seeming circles are really elliptical, and even his ellipses indefinitely disturbed. Mr. Bright is so grand and simple because, while, as we gladly confess, he holds fast by the truth he sees, there is so much which he neglects to see. And in this he is but the sign, the omen, of the political system which he wishes to inaugurate, which would no doubt achieve very great objects which we now leave unattempted, but which would, like himself, simply ignore any modifying influence from the finer shades of political discrimination. In a political as in an ordinary balance, we need both great susceptibility and still greater stability. The latter quality Mr. Bright's judgment, and the judgment of the unqualified popular majority for which he argues, would undoubtedly have, and our popular judgment as at present organized has not. But intellectual susceptibility it would not have, which our present political opinion now in a very considerable degree has; and there is no conceivable reason why, when we are contemplating a great political change, we should recklessly sacrifice the better qualities of our present very imperfect Constitution in order to secure those of a totally different kind, when, if we stick to the clear idea at the bottom of the word *representation*, we ought certainly to secure both.

Mr. Bright's three great points were all very powerfully put, and two of them at least perfectly true. First, he says that nothing can be more at variance with the real distribution of popular vitality, wealth, and numbers than the present distribution of representative power to the boroughs; next, that the result of this maldistribution is Parliamentary indifference to the ignorance and misery of the lowest class of the people; lastly, that as a result of this system, the past failures of statesmen, instead of diminishing, as in other professions, their chance of future success, rather rivet their hold on a certain small but influential class, which insists on bringing them back time after time into power. Now, we hold the first two of these propositions to be important and undeniable truths, though not fully adequate to Mr. Bright's inferences from them; but the last is in this very important respect erroneous, that it ascribes the root of the frequent political popularity of blundering statesmen to a wrong cause,—which is certainly not by any means the smallness of the class which confides in blunderers, for in the most democratic bodies we see the same phenomena on a far larger scale. On the contrary, we think we could easily show that Lord Derby's blunders as a statesman have had far greater results in keeping him out of power in England under the rule of a shrewd middle-class self-interest, than similar or even greater blunders would have had in estranging the masses of the people from a popular favourite under a democratic constitution. Surely Mr. Bright does not mean, with the financial articles of the *New York Tribune* and the *Victorian Age* before him, that popular favourites are dismissed for mistakes such as Lord Derby's in 1846. Whatever else government by democratic majorities may effect,—and undoubtedly it may effect much,—it does not guarantee any

vigilance in discerning the sort of political blunders which should deprive a statesman of the confidence of the people. Lord Derby has hardly had three years of power in twenty, in consequence of his errors. Can the free traders of America or Victoria say as much? Popular government means the right to blunder, and to confide in blunderers if you please. And the masses are probably more liable to both error and self-will on certain points than the middle class themselves.

On the other two heads Mr. Bright's powerful speech is, within certain limits, unanswerable, but then those limits materially modify the drift of that in it which is unanswerable, and suggest an inference different from Mr. Bright's. There can be no doubt at all that he is right in asserting the enormous divergence between the distribution of popular numbers, wealth, and vitality in the boroughs, and the distribution of representative power. But the figures in which he expresses this, though graphic enough, are to some extent misleading. He tells us that

" 145 boroughs, with 79,000 electors, 1,350,000 population, paying 367,000 <i>l.</i> income-tax, have 215 members;	while "109 boroughs, with 485,000 electors, 9,305,000 population, paying 5,240,000 <i>l.</i> income-tax, have 181 members,"
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—which is true, but then it is also true that the 215 members of the small boroughs, we do not say *do* represent (we do not suppose they do), but *might* represent a population not merely of 1,350,000 inhabiting those particular boroughs, but the whole small borough population of England, which is very much larger, and includes very much more of the average life and lot of ordinary Englishmen, than the great centres of commercial vigour and progress with which Mr. Bright compares them. No doubt energy, life, activity is entitled to more representation than languor, indolence, passivity, as being a more positive force altogether, and having more to say for itself. But it is also true that the energy of the great commercial cities is somewhat special, that it is likely to indulge special instead of more widely diffused wishes about English national life, and that the more average life of the ordinary citizen should be fairly represented therefore, and allowed to put in its protests, when it wishes, against the special zeals of the go-ahead boroughs. The anomaly of which Mr. Bright complains will not be redressed by merely transferring members from the many small and quiescent places to the few big and active places, unless some pains is taken to get a fairer representation of the essential opinion of the many small quiescent places as well. That this is not done now, the Election Commissions sufficiently show. That it will not be done by lowering the suffrage in such places as Lancaster and Reigate to 7*l.* or to household suffrage, the Election Commissions show still more clearly. Mr. Bright's proposal to get rid of bribery by rendering it numerically difficult by added numbers, and mechanically difficult by means of secret voting, is, even if successful, only a proposal to admit, in such places as these, hosts of persons with no political principles, in order that the comparatively few who have none at present may lose their market. That, we submit is not a statesmanlike proposal. The only way in which, as it seems to us, it would be easy to get at the real wishes of the quiet average citizens of small boroughs in such masses as to secure a good representation, is by throwing them into the counties by a county suffrage not under 20*l.* of annual rental. By that means you will get at the independent small borough citizens, in great numbers, and they will not be swamped by the class of labourers directly under the influence of the farmer or the landowner. If that were done, a very considerable disfranchisement of the present small Parliamentary boroughs would not really extinguish their proper influence in the country. Mr. Bright's plan of disfranchising the smallest boroughs, and rendering the second-rate boroughs still more politically meaningless than they now are by enfranchising a large class of persons in the moral position of the Yarmouth bribes, and then finally throwing all the village population into the counties by a 10*l.* county suffrage, would politically extinguish the best middle class of the ordinary country towns altogether.

Finally, no doubt Mr. Bright is absolutely right in saying that Parliament has neglected the most important interests of the greatest class, that it does not provide for their education, or for their building accommodation, or for their treatment in

the workhouses, at all as it would if it were in a large degree elected by the working class itself. We have never ceased to reiterate this truth, and we accept Mr. Bright's statement of it in the fullest sense. But how shall we get even this needful working-class impulse to our legislation in the purest and strongest form? Not surely by flooding the country with a new host of the class of voters who have disgraced Yarmouth and Lancaster, but by going down as low as household suffrage in the places which, as Mr. Bright proudly says, "know not bribery,"—those Manchesters and Birminghams of England which are ignorant of bribery not merely because the working people are too numerous for the briber, but because they are too proud and independent a class to furnish bribes. These are the voters who will give stability and energy to the political purposes of England, who know what they want, and who will not bring a mere dead weight of inert suffrages, which mean nothing but habit or hearsay, to the polls. Moreover, by thus limiting the downward extension of the suffrage to the places where it means really what it appears to mean, we may ensure what we have called the *susceptibility* of Parliament to the slighter shades of political thought, as well as its stability. This susceptibility depends chiefly on having sufficient variety in our representative system, in opening Parliament to political light from various quarters and different strata of social opinion. If you represent the working class alone in the boroughs,—and this is what uniform household suffrage would produce,—the working class in its best and worst form, the working class not only in its most intelligent and independent, but also in its most ignorant and servile form, you will get a borough representation no doubt of great energy and full of a few great purposes, but on all the finer shades of political principle indifferent, insensible, obtuse. Look at the Lower House of Congress in the United States, which represents a far keener and more educated body than the working class of our country towns, and see how clearly and strongly it has grasped a few great objects, how stupidly inelastic it has been on all other subjects, and even in the mode of carrying these out; and you see the result of choosing your representatives from a single great, nearly homogeneous class. The working class must give strength and stability to the aims of Parliament, the middle class flexibility and range. With a full representation of both classes, we may combine the best qualities we want with the best qualities we have. Mr. Bright's scheme, like his oratory, would give us the full volume of popular purpose which we need, but at the cost of suppressing every trace of the play of thought and the variety of intelligence which we now have, but which is unfortunately now at the mercy of prosperous, and therefore supercilious, middle-class caprice.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE uneasiness apparent throughout Europe, an uneasiness so great that the Chancelleries are in a buzz with rumours, and absurdities like the armed intervention of America are readily believed, is perhaps easily explained. With the battle of Sadowa the treaties which are to the system of Europe what the statutes are to common law finally disappeared. There is still a public law, but there is no longer a statute against annexations. Every strong power sees that its opportunity has arrived, every weak one perceives that the protection of law has been withdrawn. All alliances have become possible, diplomatists have suddenly recovered their importance, and there is no reason whatever why a secret agreement among two or three men should not seriously affect the position of any European power. Each therefore proclaims in one way or another its own ambition or its own uneasiness. It is a certainty, in spite of strenuous official denials, that Napoleon is arming in earnest, buying horses, laying in saltpetre, urging on his Chassepot rifles, considering schemes, some of them very dangerous, for forming a grand army of reserve. He may not move this year, probably will not, but he is getting ready to move, and with crushing effect. Naturally Belgium rings with protests that Belgians love their nationality, and Switzerland with projects for military re-organization. Then Prussia has not disarmed, and does not make peace with Saxony; Austria, relieved of her Italian foe, sullenly calculates, as Count Bismarck hinted, whether the war could not be renewed; and Russia announces almost officially that, treaties having ceased to operate, she resumes her position as natural protector of all her co-religionists. All this is intelligible, and leads to no definite result except enormous expenditure and injury to commercial security, but there is

another feature to be considered in the position. Just at the moment of the highest excitement Candia revolts, and simultaneously reports come up from every capital that the Eastern question is afoot again. Such reports, coming from Bucharest or Constantinople, would mean little, for in those regions diplomacy is supposed to mean the settlement of Turkish affairs, but they come equally from Berlin, which is not immediately interested, are seriously believed in Vienna, and provoke St. Petersburg to dangerously frank utterances of opinion. There is always fire under that kind of smoke, and we believe the following will be found something like an approximation to the truth.

Throughout European Turkey the bulk of the Christian population, for reasons it is hardly necessary to explain, hate the Mohammedan rule with an earnestness which needs only the faintest hope to drive them into open insurrection. Truly or falsely, that population believes that in addition to the ignominy of subjection to Asiatics and Infidels, to the poverty caused by the arrest of progress which accompanies Mussulman rule, and to the denial of all claims of nationality, no family can, under the Turks, be secure of its personal honour for a week. The evidence upon that point, if the Consuls were invited to speak out, would be overwhelming, and the belief adds just that provocation which changes political bitterness into personal and active hate, hate so intense that the Commissioners sent to inquire into the last massacre at Belgrade, Commissioners previously ordered to support the Turks, reported in favour of the removal of the last Mussulman from the Principalities. Nothing keeps these populations quiet except the sense that they, like the Italians, must have an ally, if only to resist the alliance which, as they say, "England has formed with barbarism." We believe they have found one, that the Emperor of the French has signified, informally of course, but unmistakably, that Turkish dominion in Europe ought to end, or at least be converted into a nominal suzerainty. We shall, we believe, see probably this year, certainly before the end of 1867, a series of insurrections all directed to the same end—the exchange of the direct sovereignty of the Sultan for an arrangement such as exists in the Principalities, where the Sultan's sovereignty is now reduced to the temporary receipt of an almost nominal tribute. Beyond this point all is dark. Whether the plan contemplated is a general continental alliance against the Turks, as seems to be the impression in Berlin, or an alliance against Russia and the Turks, or an alliance between two or three powers only, is wholly uncertain, every rumour on that point being visibly tainted with more or less of falsehood. All that is clear is that a signal has been given which inspires the Christians of Turkey with strong hope, and that the opprobrium of our age, the dominion of the Turks in Europe, is drawing to a close. All subsequent arrangements are, and must be, still mere dreams, but the hour for the departure of that Asiatic horde which has for five centuries desolated the grandest and richest section of the Continent has, we believe, either struck, or is now on the point of striking.

It will be well for Liberals therefore to watch keenly the proceedings of the Foreign Office, whether occupied by Tory or by Whig. That office is absolutely certain to interfere, if only from its traditions, in the Eastern question, and nearly certain to interfere in the wrong way. For Egypt it might be necessary at any moment to fight, even if coalesced Europe were our real opponent, to risk any collision, or make almost any alliance, for Egypt is the true key of our Asiatic house. Upon that point no doubt whatever ought to be allowed to exist either in Paris or St. Petersburg, but to fight for the Turks would be something more than folly, would be a wickedness of the worst conceivable kind. The maxim which Lord Palmerston used so constantly to propound, that we must sustain the Turks until some native power was ready to take their place, is self-contradictory. While we sustain the Turks no such development is possible, for no people beneath them, Greek or Slav, can by possibility advance. It is like telling a boy that he shall never enter the water until he has learnt to swim, like insisting that the forest shall not be cleared until corn has grown beneath it. The Turkish dominion destroys the security necessary to wealth, prevents the military training essential to power, crushes out the national feeling, without which political virtue cannot be developed. The Greeks are "scoundrels," the Roumans "voluptuaries," because under Turkish rule the arts of the slave were the only weapons of the ambitious, sensual pleasure the only object the ruler did not interdict. Better any rule whatever, French, or Austrian, or Prussian, or all combined, better even anarchy ending in the

sway of some military adventurer, than the despotism of the Sultan, which adds to every defect inherent in despotism, every misery which follows on race supremacy, and every vice entailed by the dominion of a lower civilization over a higher one. If the Turks are reduced to a suzerainty, good, for the Christians obtain a breathing-time for organization; if they are expelled, better still, for while the Christians will be freed, the Turks will be flung back on Asiatic work, which they can still do; if their rule is replaced by an Austrian protectorate, best of all, for Russian advance will be arrested, while the Christians will exchange a Mussulman and Asiatic despotism for a Christian and European one. The fate of Italy was bad enough, but the Tuscans were in paradise as compared with the Bulgarians, and the result of Austrian rule was to solidify Italy. Russia no doubt must be kept from reigning in the South, more especially at Constantinople, but France and Austria feel that even more keenly than we do, and that necessity is no excuse for maintaining a government like that of the Turks, whose only object is plunder, only gratification rape, and only notion of conciliation an universal massacre. We can stop Russia when that horde has retreated, just as easily as we can now, while it is eating up all the resources which might be used to withstand the Northern advance. Even if it were not so utterly wicked to imperil our future and prevent the possibility of European disarmament by fighting for such a race we could only protract the misery of their subject populations. The Turks themselves are dying of vice, their armies every year accomplish less, but for the aid they derive from Egypt and its quasi-European organization they could not even now put down the rebellion of a few thousand Greek mountaineers, their finances are in hopeless confusion, and they have not only no future, but no possibility of one. Incessant insurrection will wear them out at last, and all we shall have done is to sanction fearful acts of repression, to protract in fact the empire of barbarism, if not over civilization, at least over countries in which civilization might, but for the barbarians, be developed. It may be quite wise to expect nothing from Greeks, though Greeks may revive as well as Italians; nothing from Slavs, though Slavs have never yet had a chance of independent action; but of Greeks and Slavs, with Turks above them, there is not only no expectation, but no hope. The one primary necessity for Turkey is to be rid of the Turks, and for England to waste her resources, to mortgage her future, to paralyze her strength for all useful effort in order to prevent the termination of their rule, would be simple madness. If any power claims Egypt let us fight that power, on the avowed ground of political necessity, and compensate the Egyptians for that interference by governing them ourselves; but let us not a second time prop up a dynasty in itself incurably bad, and so detested by its subjects that its history for a hundred years has been a mere record of bloody insurrections. The Turks ought to go, and if they are to go because Frenchmen are jealous of Prussian prestige, and Austrians want compensation to the East for their losses in the West, and Prussia is hungry for development, well—"blindly the wicked work the righteous will of Heaven." That which may succeed the Turks may be unsatisfactory, or oppressive, or even anarchical, but the expulsion of the Turks themselves must be a direct good. With any other race whatever there must be possibilities, with them there is a certainty, and that is rottenness.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR AND ITS RESULT.

IF result be the test of oratory, as the Greeks affirmed, Mr. Johnson is an almost matchless orator. He has rebuilt the Republican party of America. Until the President left Washington to "stump the Union" that party laboured under one disadvantage which might, had it not been removed, have paralyzed all its efforts. The rank and file could scarcely credit the danger their leaders saw. The slow-minded, steady-headed freeholders, with whom the sovereignty of the Union ultimately rests, could not bring themselves to believe that a President who in the dark hour of the Union had been faithful even unto slaying, really intended to fling away the whole result of the war, meant that their children's deaths should be without profit, intended to drive the State chariot into the old rut, and trust the reins to the old charioteers. They thought his opponents were romancing, or rather imagined that they and the President were quarrelling as to two modes of reaching one and the same end. Even after they had become suspicious, they were far from being convinced. If the

President meant what Mr. Stevens said he meant, and if he said the things the *Tribune* reported him to say, and if he had devised the projects his own papers attributed to him, then indeed it would be needful to resist, but where was the proof of all this? The speeches of his enemies? Americans habitually expect orators to exaggerate. The articles of his opponents? Americans have less confidence in newspapers than any population which reads them, less even than Italians, who consider that a statement made in a journal has necessarily a meaning other than the one upon its face. The threats of his friends? Well, they have fallen somewhat dead, from a local reason. Before the war the great Southern weapon in internal politics was the menace of force, "showing the whip," as they said, and the quiet farmers thought the new threats only a revival of the old policy, and set them down as mere words. The President's journey has waked them out of their hopeful delusion. There is no further possibility of doubt for them. Mr. Johnson himself, an individual and not an abstraction, has been among them, slanging his enemies, accusing Republicans of treachery, affirming State rights, above all, denouncing Congress as a body hostile to the Government, a mere clog upon its action. Americans like none of these things, neither the violence of tone, nor the fervour for State rights, nor the intense antipathy for the representatives of the people. In this country the secret sympathy for the South blinds readers to the fact that it is the contest of 1848 which is renewing itself in Washington, that the Person is fighting the Parliament, that if the President wins Mr. Johnson will dictate the policy of the Union, and not the Representatives of the people; but the Northerners are not blind. They see tyranny in the President's speeches as well as Southern sympathies, and, awaked at last from their dream as to Mr. Johnson's motives, they have resolved upon resistance. The election for Maine shows how completely the President has failed. The State is full of officials, for it contains the Customs' line, the Democratic party has the strong cohesion of a party always more or less hopeless, patronage has been unscrupulously exerted, and though no Democrat expected a victory, it was anticipated that "the policy" would have reduced the Republican host by many thousand votes. It has increased them by seven thousand. The effect throughout the Union has been immense, for the politicians see that the freeholders, whose views they can never exactly catch in anticipation, are dead against reconstruction on the President's plan. The Irish vote, which was considered secure, has been thrown on the other side. The *New York Herald*, which is not only friendly to the South, but habitually supports the President of the day as the real depository of power, is shrinking from Mr. Johnson, and the Liberal journals write as if a heavy burden had at last been removed from their minds.

The nature of that burden is at last patent to all the world which does not pin its faith implicitly on the *Times*. We have repeatedly pointed out, amidst some distrust from men otherwise completely in accord with us upon American politics, that Mr. Johnson's plan, the plan to which he would be driven, was to set up a rival Congress, composed of the Democrats plus the representatives of the South admitted by his sole fiat. Armed with all executive power and backed by such a House, he would be master of the Union, could carry out any policy he pleased, or by plunging into a foreign war compel opposing parties to reunite in support of the national safety or honour in the field. The *New York Times*, his warmest and most sensible supporter, now avows openly that this was his design, and calls upon all true lovers of their country to avert the danger by submitting at once and frankly to the President's plan. The revelation is so remarkable, the design in its revolutionary energy and legal acuteness so able, that we quote it in Mr. Raymond's own words:—"By law, Congress [the House] consists of 241 members; and by law, also, a majority of the whole number, or 121 members, constitute a quorum. Suppose that members elected from the Southern States should meet in December, 1867, and be enough, added to Northern members who believe in their right to representation, and who would meet with them to constitute a quorum; and suppose the Northern members who do not believe the South entitled to representation, and who would not meet with them, should meet by themselves, constituting less than a quorum of the whole number. The President will be under the necessity of recognizing one or the other of these bodies as the valid, constitutional House of Representatives. He must send his message to the one or the other. He must sign bills passed

by the one or the other. He must treat one or the other as a branch of Congress, clothed with the power of making laws, and the other as having no such authority. And, under the circumstances assumed, there can be very little doubt, in view of his known opinions on the subject, that President Johnson will recognize the *numerical quorum*—the body which contains a majority of all the members—as the only body authorized by the Constitution to make laws for the United States. He will probably send his message to that body; he will sign the bills they pass if concurred in by the Senate, and he will not recognize the acts of the other as valid in any respect. The Senate, on the contrary, will recognize a majority of members from all the States *but ten*, even if they are a minority of the whole, as the real Congress, and as clothed with all the powers of legislation." In other words, the President would be absolute, and the results of the war would in a few weeks be totally effaced, the constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery perhaps openly repealed, and at all events nullified by State laws. The Liberal leaders, aware of this plan, have hoped that it might be resisted by the difficulty of creating a new Senate, the existing one being even more trustworthy than the House, but this confidence is but a delusion. If the South has a right to seat its representatives unconditionally, much more has it a right to seat its senators, and supported by his House of Representatives Mr. Johnson would not scruple to consider the senators of the South as the only Senate. It is in the Lower House that the battle must be fought, the point being to make sure that among the representatives returned for next session there shall be at least 121 steady Liberals, men who can neither be frightened, nor cajoled, nor bribed. The President's speeches have made this result a political certainty, and the grand plan which was to combine the maximum of revolutionary vigour with the minimum of constitutional disturbances will therefore, we feel assured, break down. To make it succeed the Southerners need the aid of at least fifty Democrats strong enough to run so fearful a risk, and it is now the belief of the North that unless some unexpected and almost impossible change passes over the political world, the fifty votes will not be obtained. Should they be, nothing, we believe, could avert the renewal of civil war. The old Congress would be compelled by the mere logic of its position to impeach the President, and the States which support it, and which contain nine-tenths of the wealth, four-fifths of the population, and all the emigrants of the Union, would march their armies of militia to its defence. The notion that the President could rely on the regular army is, we believe, without foundation. The existing army is Northern, and though no doubt he could collect a new one, that would be merely a renewal of the struggle between North and South, with the President openly committed to the Southern side. Mr. Hamlin, just returned to the Senate again, would doubtless be the Northern President *ad interim*, and the war would renew itself under its old conditions. In all probability, however, the President's speeches have averted this terrible collision, by placing the victory of his opponents beyond all doubt or cavil. If they have the quorum, and not he, Mr. Johnson must either submit or appeal openly to revolutionary means.

Which course will he pursue? To do neither is to abdicate, for the Senate in America is when resolved master of the executive power, can, for example, refuse to confirm all the President's new appointments, and so replace the dismissed *employés*, while the two Houses can pass any law over the President's head. The balance of power so carefully, and on the whole so successfully, arranged by the framers of the Constitution, will be at an end, and Congress will be in all but name a Convention, invested, so long as it is in fair accord with the majority of electors, with irresistible power. That position, again, could last only until March, 1869, when the new President comes into power, and the interval would be one of unremitting activity in support of the policy the President so detests. He would be a nullity till he disappeared. His only alternatives are to declare any Congress without the South an illegal body, whether it contains a quorum or not, which is war simply; or to accept the situation, declare, as he has declared, that the people are his ultimate masters, and follow unhesitatingly the policy of the North. On this side his constant assertion that the people is Sovereign gives him a decent loophole, and if he employs it the Liberals will no doubt prefer a reluctant agent to a renewal of civil war. Were we writing of any other man of Mr. Johnson's ideas, a man, for instance, like Mr. Buchanan or Mr. Pierce, not to mention Mr. Stephens, we should incline to the conviction that this would be his ultimate course. Any statesman would take it, and almost any

politician in the North. But there is an element in Mr. Johnson's mind which acts as a disturbing force of almost incalculable power, and that is his political ignorance. He does not know the North, does not comprehend its feelings, does not follow its train of reasoning, never sees clearly what the effect of any given course will be upon its mind. He may believe that the hour for submission has passed, or that the vote at the polls does not express the true feeling of the nation,—Englishmen constantly make that mistake,—that his own party is strong enough to paralyze his opponents, or indeed anything, and any one of these delusions may induce him to take steps which cannot be recalled. The balance of probabilities is that he will yield to the popular vote, but it is a balance made almost *nil* by the impossibility of reckoning up that unknown quantity—the depth of the President's ignorance of the people whom he governs.

There is one other conceivable solution to this imbroglia which we mention with reluctance, and only to exhaust the possible contingencies. The President, convinced that his policy is lost, may plunge into foreign war. The French troops are to be withdrawn from Mexico in October, and it is possible, and indeed easy, for Mr. Johnson to declare the evacuation too slow, or to espouse Juarez' cause too openly, or to pass some insult upon the French army which Napoleon could neither tolerate nor conceal. This is possible; of its probability we do not affect even to form an opinion. The data are all wanting. We do not know whether Mr. Johnson is capable of such a course, whether he could irrevocably commit the country without the consent of the Senate, whether foreign war would suspend the internal conflict, or whether the people could be deluded into a war to secure what must shortly be obtained by peace. We simply mention the possibility, as one deserving of recollection by any one who takes the trouble deliberately to forecast American politics.

THE IRISH CHURCH AND THE IRISH BISHOPS.

THE English Church in Ireland has so long been abandoned by all who profess and call themselves Liberals that we must almost apologize for reverting to the subject. Twenty-six years have passed since Sydney Smith summed up the case against that Establishment in the words, "Such a Church is hardly worth an insurrection and civil war every ten years." Twenty-one years have elapsed since Macaulay expressed it as his calm and deliberate opinion that "of all the institutions now existing in the civilized world, the Established Church of Ireland seems to me the most absurd." Eight years before, and this time not in a speech, but in an essay, the same man had compared the union of England and Ireland to that of King Zohak and the serpents growing out of his shoulders. Yet the present week brings us charges from Irish Bishops considered able and liberal, in which the Irish Church is described as essential to the welfare of the country, and all attacks upon her are stigmatized as unfair and dishonourable, as mere bids for popularity, and cheap sets-off against lack of zeal in a more thorough and more extensive agitation. The Archbishop of Dublin says that if we touch the fabric of the national Church, or the Prayer Book, or any other part of God's truth, all the best hopes for the future of Ireland will vanish at once and for ever. The Bishop of Killaloe considers the complaint of the Roman Catholics a merely sentimental grievance. The Bishop of Kilmore—even more sentimental—looks on the Irish Church as the little sister in the Song of Solomon. Others in the Episcopal ranks have adopted the theory that the Irish Church is a missionary body; and some have countenanced the argument that the Protestant hierarchy in Ireland derives its succession from St. Patrick, and is therefore entitled to all the revenues derived from his co-religionists. Dr. Brady declares that this is the most impudent falsehood in all history, and with that we are content to leave it. Even if it were true, it would matter little at the present day. Whether the Irish Bishops descend from St. Patrick or from Archbishop Curwen, whether the early Church was Roman or Irish, the majority of the present population is Roman and Irish, and it is for the present population that we are bound to legislate.

No one accuses Archbishop Trench of impudence or historical inaccuracy. But we confess to a disbelief in his prophecies, and to a strong conviction that he misapprehends the nature of the present movement against the Irish Establishment. He tells us that the fate of Sir John Gray's motion strengthened his belief "that there is little or no vigour, or

earnestness, or reality in the assaults made upon our Church from this side of the water." Such beliefs have often been held, and have proved broken reeds in the hour of danger. Dr. Trench's predecessor remarked on the shallowness with which people judge of national feelings, and instanced a traveller's announcement that the Bourbons were daily gaining ground among the French immediately before the return from Elba. As it is on this belief that Dr. Trench bases his obstinate refusal of all concessions, it is well that he should examine the grounds of it most carefully. In such an examination we cannot help him, for we see no reason for such a belief. But even if we did, we should rest the Irish Church question on something more solid than the presumed earnestness of one side and the undoubted tenacity of the other. To us the whole controversy resolves itself into a question of right or wrong. And when right or wrong is at issue, it is idle to urge that if right be done wrong will be demanded, that we must not make wise concessions for fear of having to resist others which are unwise. This is the pith of the Archbishop's argument, and it is sufficient to notice that this very argument is answered in Macaulay's speech on the same subject. What must be the position of the Irish Church when one of its ablest and most prominent defenders can find no better reason for its preservation than one which was refuted twenty years ago?

In one respect the Bishop of Killaloe's charge is far more worthy of attention than that of the Archbishop of Dublin. Bishop Fitzgerald does not plant his foot on the old ground of "No surrender," and we are glad to find that at the end of his charge he invites inquiry and reform. But we cannot see that his arguments at all meet the case against the Irish Church, or make out any claim for it on the ground of justice or expediency. He says the practical question is not whether the Establishment ought to be maintained, but whether any other course is open which is not beset with greater difficulties. We must either abandon the principle of Church establishments, or establish the Church of Rome, or establish the Church of England concurrently with other communions. Each of these courses he finds open to some objections. We do not know that his objections are cogent, but we complain of them as obscuring the real point at issue. The argument against the Irish Church is not that it is imperfect, or unpopular, or indifferent, or inordinately wealthy, but that it is a monstrous injustice. Bishop Fitzgerald never once alludes to the fact that a very small minority monopolizes the ecclesiastical revenues of the country. He never thinks that the total percentage of Protestants to the population of Ireland is 22-23, that the percentage of members of the Established Church is only 11-96, and that of Roman Catholics, 77-69. He never remembers that the net revenue of the English Church in Ireland is about 450,000*l.*, and that there are some 200 parishes containing no members of the Church which has these endowments. He never makes even a passing allusion to the case of parishes having a population of 644 souls, of whom only 31 are members of the Church of England, and where the net value of the living is 266*l.*, nor to the case of parishes which contain 13 members of the English Church and give their incumbent a stipend of 254*l.* With such results it is idle to ask what we would substitute for the Irish Church, and how we would avoid the present anomalies. If religion is to include justice, it must renounce the practice of taxing an unwilling majority to keep up a Church from which they derive no benefit, and which is a standing reproach to their convictions. If our religion is true, and that of the Irish is an error, let our religion proclaim its truth by observing the precepts of the Gospel. If we are to be missionaries in Ireland, let us act to the Irish at least as fairly as we should act towards the heathen. We do not begin by tithing the Zulus, or seize their cattle in the name of pure Christianity. Even if it is right to maintain the principle of an establishment in Ireland, as Bishop Fitzgerald argues, by way of discountenancing the voluntary system, we ought to guard against helping the voluntary system by making the principle of establishments detestable, and against sapping the foundations of our own cause by proving that our cause must inevitably be evil.

It is strange that Bishop Fitzgerald does not see the analogy he has himself suggested between the penal laws and the Church establishment. "I am convinced," he says, and he has full reason to say it, "that all other causes of our want of success put together were as nothing in comparison with the fatal blighting influence of the penal laws—laws framed

apparently for the express purpose of crushing down the Roman Catholic population into a state of hopeless poverty, ignorance, discontent, and undying hostility to everything that bore the hateful name of English." And then he tells us in the next page that since the removal of the penal laws our Church has visibly improved in activity and efficiency. Is not the reason plain? The unnatural protection was removed from the Church, the unnatural oppression from the people. The Church saw that if it would do anything it must work for it. It must not be contented with punishing, or expecting the State to punish, all who differed from it; it could not count on retaining its former members from their having no other place to go to, or on securing the allegiance of all who preferred comfort and security to faith and hardships. The people began to breathe freely, and to experience the most trying test of sincerity. It is most significant that the proportion of Catholics to Protestants has rather decreased than increased since the removal of the Catholic disabilities. "By a return made to the Irish House of Lords in 1732," writes Sydney Smith in 1820, "the proportion of Catholics to Protestants was not two to one. It is now four to one." But it is that no longer. The repeal of the penal laws has been bearing its fruits, and that frightful injustice no longer adds to the number of our enemies. Can any one doubt that if the exclusive endowments were taken away from the Church of England, and if the people were not only suffered to worship, but to support their own worship, some similar results would be experienced? Bishop Fitzgerald is not afraid that the Protestant Church would disappear if left without State support, but he thinks it would be worked by the agency of Exeter Hall, and would not improve either the tone of the Protestant community or the temper of the Roman Catholic priesthood. But is this any argument for keeping up a Church which encourages the worst side of Exeter Hall, which debases the Protestant community by enlisting it on the side of injustice, and which gives the Catholic priesthood ample excuse for angry tempers? We have no wish to see Exeter Hall compassing sea and land to make one proselyte, but it is worse when it holds land for that purpose. Preaching a crusade is more obnoxious than preaching a mission, and bigotry is bad enough without being armed with the powers of persecution.

Still less is it an answer to the argument against the Irish Church to say that the Establishment is only a part of the quarrel with England. Bishop Fitzgerald asserts that "the dangerous body whose minds are poisoned with a rancour against what they call British ascendancy" are hostile to the Church only as a part of the great frame of Imperial policy, "and perhaps there is no part which they regard with less hostility." Of all holders of property in Ireland the ecclesiastical ones give the least annoyance; they are intelligent and respectable, they are resident, they oppress nobody, they are liberal employers, and they reward local industry. "No doubt, as holders of property under what is regarded as an English settlement, as identified by interest and education with English law and English sentiment, we come in for our share of hatred against everything English. But ours is certainly not the largest share." Here, again, we ask, is it possible that Bishop Fitzgerald does not see the reason? Can he doubt why the enemies of everything English spare the real English grievance, the only remaining piece, not of Irish wrong, but of English iniquity? Such a thing is capital to agitators. It is the one part of the system they would not have changed for millions. But even if the mass of the people sympathized with this view, even if the surrender of Church property would not affect the feelings of Ireland, common justice demands that we should do our duty. The only way that we can see in which a palace of silver can be built on the wall of the Establishment, or its door can be enclosed with boards of cedar, is one far less fanciful than that suggested by Bishop Verschoyle, but much nearer to the words of the image. A free Church in Ireland, addressing itself to the hearts of men by its zeal for pure religion, by its self-denial, by its charity; welcoming adherents, but not luring them by specious pretences; respecting the opinions of others, but establishing the truth of its own, would be, indeed, as precious as silver, as fragrant as cedar. That it would do more for "the great cause of true religion and godliness," which Bishop Fitzgerald wishes to advance, than a Church which is a scandal to English Liberals and an oppression to Irish Catholics, which takes tithes from the people in order to insult the convictions of the people, and carries on a warfare against chapels such as one of its own sons reminds it would not be tolerated against brothels, must be evident to

all who are not pledged to the present system, and must sometimes force itself upon the minds of Bishops and clergy.

THE HORROR IN ORISSA.

THE horrible part of this Orissa famine is that it creates no horror. If any one wants to understand the root evil of foreign domination, let him read the excellent letter from Calcutta published in the *Times* of the 21st inst., and remember that it has produced less sensation in England than the starvation of any poor old woman in Bethnal Green. The writer states on official authority that in a province which we have owned for sixty years, and in three counties which we have governed for a hundred, throughout Orissa, and Midnapore, and Balasore, and Jelasore, and part even of Nuddea, men are dying of hunger in crowds. *Nine hundred dead bodies* were, the correspondent affirms, picked up in one day in the streets of Balasore. Even if the figure given is a mistake for ninety it is horrible enough to justify insurrection against the Government which, being sole landlord, could yet allow things to arrive at such a pass. Twenty thousand persons have fled out of the suffering districts to the capital, there to be fed in crowds by the gentry, who, thrifty to meanness in aught else, think misfortune would follow them if they turned away an applicant for food. They give it in doles at the gates as the convents used to do in Europe, the crowd of starving people is swollen by all the beggars for miles around, the mob waits often for hours, the distributors are too few, and there ensues a mad stampede, amid which men are thrown down, women trampled, babies crushed, while in front the donors' servants ply their clubs remorselessly to reduce the half mad mob, pushing, fighting, screaming, and blaspheming, into something like manageable order. Thirty-two paupers were killed in one rush in one day, and their deaths recorded in a line or two of the local papers as a passing incident. Half the day wasted in obtaining the dole, the naked, shivering wretches shuffle away to the plain, where a camp has been formed for them, a camp of sheds, where, under the pitiless down-pour of the Bengal rains, with no water but what they obtain from the ditches, no spirits or medicine, half suffocated in their own ordure, the "starvelings" await that awful burst of cholera by which, as sure as the rains must end, they will sooner or later be cleared away from Calcutta. Yet these poor wretches are lucky, if it is lucky to keep alive under circumstances like theirs. Hundreds perish in the flight to their only refuge. It is not impossible that the number given as picked up in Balasore refers to a collection of such refugees waiting for boats, or food, or death, sleeping in the mud, and drinking polluted water, utterly without stamina to resist the low fever or racking diarrhoea which under such circumstances fastens on every Bengalee, and the best protection against which would be the spirits most of them will not drink and none of them can buy. At the great ferry Oolobariah eight or ten bodies in a morning is a sight which moves no one, women die in the market under the relieving officers' eyes, inspector and police "looking on in stolid indifference," or rather in a state of mortal fear lest they should be called on to defile their ceremonial purity by touching a dead body. That is one of the many incidental horrors of such a scene in Bengal. Only one caste can touch a corpse, its members are few, generally one or two families per village, no one else can be bribed or compelled to do the work, and when the pestilence makes the labour too great or strikes the *domes* themselves, the bodies must either be left in the street or pushed with long poles into the nearest ditch, to poison the atmosphere for miles. The scenes in the interior under these circumstances must be unspeakably horrible, for flight is almost impossible. The people are absolutely dependent on their crops. They have scarcely any external trade, except in the rice which has failed them, very little currency, heavy debts, and no habit of thrift. As long as the crops last, and the cattle can be fed, they are comfortable, but when they fail, and, as sometimes happens, for two years in succession the sky is brass and the earth iron, the distress is as that of the Israelites in the Desert. First, the forage goes, and the cattle, to the ruin of cultivation, and not to the relief of the people, for the cattle plough, and the villagers cannot eat beef. Then the "muhajun," or grain-dealer's store, the only reserve in the village, empties itself, after the villagers have plunged irretrievably in debt to him for food, then the seed corn goes, and then—then there is death. There is no poor law, no means of supplying food if there were. People cannot eat rupees, even were the payers not as completely ruined as the

receivers. Rice can with difficulty be landed on the coast, but no exertion will distribute it through a country as large as Ireland, without roads, with a soil in which a cart sinks to the axle, with dying cattle, and with no trustworthy agency. Remember with what difficulty we, with our boundless wealth and civilized appliances, kept the population of Ireland alive, and imagine that difficulty intensified by the absence of Europeans, of transport cattle, of roads, of any means whatever of distinguishing between just and unjust claims. The native gentry are crushed like the peasants, for they have no rents, and money will not buy food, the Europeans are half-a-score in number, and if they were a thousand could not *make* rice; there is nothing for the villager in the interior but flight, and flight is too often merely a slower death. The unhappy wretch, accompanied by a mother who never walked five miles, and who shakes with fear at every rustle of the trees, followed by a wife who has borne five children before she is eighteen, and carrying perhaps three, certainly two children, has to walk in his exhausted state over hills and through jungle, across deep ravines and under the blinding tropical rain, perhaps a hundred miles to the coast. First, one child falls, then another, then the third is thrown away, then the old mother lies down to die, as the *Times* describes, and even thus lightened the journey cannot be done under five, six, or seven days, all passed without shelter, and without sleep, save such as can be had under the never ending, drifting, blinding, maddening rain,—rain which comes down as if it had volition, rain such as floods a whole district, or system of districts, in a night. That is a week of grass or jungle leaves. If he had a bag of rice left the peasant would not abandon his home, there is none to be got by the way, and unless he is fortunate enough to catch fish, he lives like the wild fowl or the ducks. Exhausted by utter fatigue, by a rain to which he is as susceptible as an English fine lady, by hunger, and by the diarrhoea which in the East follows fatigue, he adds one, or two, if his wife has survived, to the crowd in the station, camped in the mud, beaten by the police,—who are not exactly inhuman, but are at their wits' end to enforce order, and fall back on violence,—without shelter, without spirits, in the end without food, for the supplies often break down, and the wretches fly on again, dropping at the ferry, dropping on the desolate jungle road to Calcutta, dropping in the pauper camp, and the mad crushes to obtain the day's meal. To all who know Orissa there are suggestions of misery in those few statistics of the *Times'* correspondent such as would make them sick with pity and fear, but that the Anglo-Indian, like the Anglo-American, never does and never can realize to himself the misery of a dark race as he can that of a white one. He will do anything to relieve it, as he would to relieve a horse or a favourite dog, and he is the most liberal of mankind, giving from a sense of atonement as well as carelessness of money, but he has the capacity of driving the horror from his mind as he could not drive the sufferings of his own people. If he sees a boat-load of natives drowning, as boat-loads drown every pilgrim season at the ferries, he risks his life to help them; but if he fails he goes to dinner with a passing regret, but no more permanent emotion than he gets from studying the "wreck of the *Medusa*" in the Louvre. The local Government acts just in that spirit,—gives money, sends rice, offers employment, but does not throw itself into that fury of effort which it would do were the white community, for example, starving; pities and relieves where relief is easy, but does not use the intense exertion necessary to reach the interior, and goes quietly out of the scene of suffering to its cool lounge among the hills, where desk work can be done as easily as in Calcutta, but where personal leadership in the work of saving the people is impossible.

Where is the remedy for a horror of this kind, a horror which has recurred three times in twelve years? We confess we know of none which is at once possible and will act rapidly. Money could be sent out perhaps in time to meet pestilence, but ten sharp lines from Lord Cranborne to the local Government would have twenty times the effect in producing alike energy and funds. Irrigation, as usual, is pronounced the panacea, and doubtless irrigation is beneficial, but it must be preceded by a perpetual settlement, or the people will see in it very wisely a perpetual excuse for the exaction of more rent. The fear of a rise even now has stopped all the works the people could have done themselves, wells, and water-courses, and tanks for storage, and the Lieutenant-Governor himself told the people the fear was just, for the assessment must be raised. Who is going to spend borrowed money in producing

more corn, if the moment he has done it that is an excuse for increasing a rental levied not by distraint, but by deprivation of the estate? But if English speculators and philanthropists imagine it easy to irrigate a country as large as Ireland, or with a thin population to get a heavy profit out of the work, they are under a delusion from which their first dividends will wake them very unpleasantly. As means of communication the canals might be made absolutely invaluable, but they would not pay, except on a vast scale and after years of waiting, and if Government undertakes them it must make them for India, instead of Orissa only, and not unnaturally shrinks from a task to which all existing efforts would be trivial. Roads would be beneficial in Orissa, and so would harbours, and light tramways, and, perhaps more than all except harbours, which are grievously required to allow of trade, canals, but the Government of India is overweighted, and shrinks appalled from new toils. It has a continent to govern, and is asked also to make its water-courses. With a revenue half that of France it has had to build railways over a territory as large as Europe west of the Vistula, and is now required to carry out by guarantees a system of irrigation, in which, if it is properly done, that of Lombardy would be a scarcely appreciable corner. It must be done no doubt, at least in districts liable to famine, but anybody who supposes it can be readily done, without long consideration, intense effort, the creation of huge departments whose work will last through years and extend over great kingdoms, knows nothing whatever of the necessities of India. The element of vastness there crushes effort by appalling the imagination. Every province is a kingdom, every parish a county, every scarcity a famine covering whole races, till the strongest men give up in despair, or, as in Orissa, set in motion what small machinery there is at hand, and there leave it. Effective relief in Orissa would have required an army of distributors and the expenditure of a campaign, and the Government shrinks. All there is to do is to urge on all means of communication, so that at least one province may not starve while another frets over wheat rotting for want of means of export, to make what railways we can, cut what canals we can, and choose governors who recognize that famine in a great province should be met, like an invasion, by personal appearance in the field. If we have a clear duty towards the natives of India, keeping them alive is one, and this duty has in the case of Orissa certainly not been performed. Ninety bodies in Balasore streets picked up in one day, all bodies of people dead of starvation! British rule in India is not yet perfect while such things can be, and England not complain.

THE WINTER GARDEN OF EUROPE.

EUROPE is about to have ready access to a vast Winter Garden. Round the northernmost bay of the Mediterranean, from Genoa to Nice, stretches a territory which Italians, with their strange pride of words, term, as if it were the sole coast either of Italy or Europe, the Riviera. Some ninety miles in length, and of a breadth varying with every geographer's fancy from two miles to thirty, this region is appointed by nature to be the winter garden of Europe. There, in a strictly northern latitude, amidst a scene which at every alternate turn suggests Syria or Norway, North and South have met and kissed each other. Straight up from the coast of the Mediterranean, with its blue waters and atmosphere so clear that the puzzled brain begins to doubt whether horizon is a universal term, rise the Ligurian Alps, sometimes with the abruptness of a wall, more often with the gently receding swell of an English hill; and amidst their indentations, in short deep valleys, by the sides of ravines, on low plateaus, above jutting promontories, on momentary intervals of lowland, lie a succession of spots which the union of all that is picturesque in the North with all that is glowing in the South has turned into scenes of almost unearthly beauty. Out of Ceylon there is nothing like them, and even in Ceylon, the Asiatic paradises, which seems as if it were the creation of painters and poets let loose for once to realize their thoughts, the sea plays no such part. There is one spot on the Riviera where the traveller, slowly toiling up the hill from Italy, comes on a scene such as no painter would, for his own reputation's sake, dare to paint. Above him stretches a rock, not in reality very high, say 1,200 feet sheer, but from its formation apparently limitless, such as might be the final ridge of some mighty Alp, bare, and wind-worn, and stern, without a tree or a blade, with deep rifts, and narrow fissures, and vast overhanging boulders, which look, and have looked for centuries, as if a child's finger might send them crashing and destroying down to the sea.

Backwards and forwards stretch endless orchards, orchards where orange and chestnut, grape and apple, olive and cherry, palm and peach, mingle as elsewhere on earth they mingle only in a picture of the passed-away Eden. Down from the spectator's side stretch to the sea vast hanging gardens, furrowed with torrent and cascade, glowing with greens of every shade, from the gloomy emerald of the ilex to the topaz-like flash of the acacia and the agate grey of the olive—saddest of trees, whose leaves look in September as if they had whitened like human hair with misery—the glorious depth of the chestnut, and the thin brightness of the palm, which looks somehow always as if God had made it the colour of the desert and man had painted it to avoid the association. Below, beyond the gardens and the ravines, and the narrow belt of whitening sand just visible from that height like a strip of ribbon, lie first the bright sea, with the mountains of Corsica a hundred and thirty miles away acting as horizon, and closer six bays, each a "table" of sapphire so "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," that the mind refuses to believe but that the water would lie blue in the palm, each set in its strong definite setting of brown rocks or grey olive woods. So absolute is the calm, so sharply clear all outlines, so silent air and sea, that it is only by strong mental effort the man of cities can convince himself that it is not a painting, but a real bit of the world, of the world which contains East London, fogs, poor-houses, and many another hideousness. Every turn for miles is a new beauty, the carriage now plunging through a vineyard where, in September, the grapes hang on the tall trees in fringes till the occasional glades look like cathedral aisles festooned for a festival, now a cliff straight and sheer as the walls of a middle-age fortress, now a promontory where the road is actually out at sea, and a false step would drop you a thousand feet into your grave amidst that blue water, too lazy to ripple, too sleepy to send its murmur up to you, a sea crossed at every turn with long lines of silver, which indicate, we presume, currents, but which look as if ships had passed along them thousands of years ago and their keels had graved the sapphire. And then a plunge downward at speed, till you reach first the range of the sea's murmur, then the flash of the tiny waves you could not see above, and then the floor of an amphitheatre, with sand and sea for base, mountains for benches, and groves for audience, waving, bending, shivering as with excitement, above them. This writer has seen many countries, but nothing quite approaching to the highest five miles of the Riviera, nothing in which he felt so completely the sense at once of grandeur and peace, of sternness and harmony, of isolation from cities, and yet of human proximity. The dark red rock is as of the desert, but every inch of soil is cultivated with thrifty care; the sun blazes down as in Algiers or Palestine, but the breeze is soft and cool; the road is as silent as a pass in Skye, yet you are never out of sight of some village, or big ship, or villa nestling amidst the fruit-covered ravines. In these villages it never freezes, and the leaves never seem to fall, renewing themselves as in Asia, without visible sign, save the gradual change of shade from aquamarine to emerald and back again. Over San Remo in particular there hovers a perpetual silent summer, summer as of an island in the South Seas, but with a capacity of escape in half an hour of climbing up into sharper breezes, and more bracing coldness, and an endless prospect of rock, and valley, and velvet sea. Nice is getting too big, the dust is as one of the plagues of Egypt, the mosquitoes are intolerably greedy, and the inhabitants are as greedy as the mosquitoes; and Mentone has little room. San Remo, where all the features of the Riviera are concentrated, where the palm grows in profusion, and the shore offers acres of sloping sand to the bather, and ten minutes take you on to the hills, and you can see at one glance orange groves and pine forest, and the people have the genuine softness of Italy, and there is room to nestle villas by the hundred, and the communes are wild to make Europe recognize that Providence has made their hills the true refuge from the North, will, we predict, be the centre of the winter garden yet to be laid out by the collected wealth of the whole North. Other spots are as beautiful, there are nooks by the score where sea, and mountain, and grove intermingle in endless rivalry of beauty and colour, where the sea lies in the mountain, and the grove is on a peninsula, and the red rock hangs down as if it longed for rest in the water, and every breeze shakes salt spray from the olives, but San Remo has the climate which nourishes the palm without its accompanying languor. San Remo is the perfect bridal chamber of North and South, of mountain and shore, of soft luxury and desolate grandeur. We dare say there are men to whom it would be disagreeable, in whom that luxury of atmosphere would produce a relaxed fibre, to whom Skye is far more enticing than

Hawaii. But to the infinite majority of Englishmen, who long for a bath of the sunny South, who feel that the cold wind and grey sky are by themselves perpetual reminders of exertion, who weary of active waves, and hills which suggest toil, and woods so dark that the eye hungers for light, who cannot find in the North genuine idleness, that idleness of lotus-eaters, which wraps body and brain in the glorious luxury of conscious sleep, there is, we believe, on earth no region like the Riviera. There at least they may enjoy the one sensual pleasure of which Englishmen know nothing—a climate which makes existence a luxury, in which they may, awake, feel the rest of sleep, realize the truth forgotten since childhood, that nature, with all her moods, has somewhere in her a lullaby. Life in San Remo for a month is a month's day-dreaming.

It will soon be accessible. The works of the extraordinary line of railway from Genoa, a line with scores of tunnels, dozens of viaducts, now flung actually into the sea, and then plunging out of sight into the bowels of huge cliffs, is more than half completed. The tunnels with an exception or two seem all made, the viaducts are finished, the rails are piled, and though the works have been suspended for want of funds, they must, now that peace is concluded, speedily be renewed. At present access is easy by steamer from Nice, when the wild Italian dread of cholera, a dread which is like lunacy, which makes the Genoese try to drown apothecaries, and induces some communes of the Riviera to establish a cordon of gendarmes to prevent intercourse with the external world, does not suspend the steamers. But apart from them intercommunication is slow, dear, and bad. The drive along the Corniche road is perhaps the most magnificent in Europe, but to accomplish it in thorough comfort costs half-a-crown a mile, the speed is only thirty miles a day, and the road, good as it is, makes the toes of nervous people tingle. To a very considerable section of mankind, a drive of four days on the edge of a bridge without a parapet, a bridge often a thousand feet above the water, is not acceptable, and in winter the road is occasionally dangerous. The snow falls heavily on the upper terraces, the skid slides as on ice, and if the carriage once gets a momentum of its own down the declivities, half an inch too much may hurl carriage and horses and passengers sheer off the cliff, for a fall on rocks lying at the depth of ten Monuments below. Besides, the absence of a railway makes the post slow and irregular, interferes with one's *Times*, diminishes the supply of books, and breaks into the sleepy luxury one is seeking with the remembrance that we could not start for home at an hour's warning. The railway finished, San Remo will be in unbroken connection with Paris, Naples, Moscow, and all places between those points, in fact with the whole civilized world. The telegraph is already complete, having been finished by an engineer who, one cannot help thinking, had in his appreciation of the weird side of the scenery become half mad. At all events, instead of quietly carrying his wires along the road, he has in many instances flung them, God alone knows how, from hill to hill, so that you see them hanging over the valleys like cobwebs dropped from heaven, producing the strangest impression. Let the route be once finished, and the French, German, and Italian Companies recognize the policy of through tickets at rates a little more moderate, and San Remo will become the winter garden, the Southern bath, the half tropical paradise of the whole of Europe. There is ample room to build, and if anybody in England with a million or so wants an investment for his money, let him before the railway is finished buy and build along the Riviera, get hold of some of those ravine sides, and low hill-tops, and the grove-covered plateaus which nestle down fifty feet from the sea at every turn between Nice and Savona. If the climate does not make him for the first time doubt whether money is the supreme good, whether an English labourer is the happiest of human beings, whether leisure be after all an evil, he will make a fortune such as a native of the Riviera never imagined, such as a Riviera hotel-keeper, whose dreams must be of successful swindling, never saw even in his sleep.

THE COMPOSITION OF SERMONS.

MR. GEE, Vicar of Abbots Langley, Rural Dean, author of at least one sensible little religious book, and evidently an accomplished as well as a pious man, has undertaken to help clergymen of the present day in producing useful sermons, by the publication of a little work* devoted to that subject. We cannot say that we should look for any great improvement from the adoption of Mr. Gee's advice, 'judicious' though no doubt it often is. Mr. Gee is somewhat shocked with a sentence which he quotes,—

* *Our Sermons: an Attempt to Consider Familiarly but Reverently the Preacher's Work in the Present Day.* By Rev. R. Gee, M.A., Oxon. London: Longmans.

we believe from a remark made in these columns,—that "there is a gulf between the clerical and the ordinary male mind, which is deep and daily deepening," and though he professes to be anxious to fill up such gulf, if such gulf there be, it is obvious that his qualifying doubt as to its existence is inconsistent with his power to recognize it in anything like its full magnitude. Indeed, as we turn over the pages of Mr. Gee's work, we feel, with every respect for him, that he has never entered into that profound feeling of despondency with which most laymen of the present day await the transition of the clergyman from the reading desk to the pulpit. Our own impression is, that whatever other difficulties there might be in the arrangement, average sermons are not likely to become really useful until clergymen take it year and year about with laymen in the thick of actual every-day life. As it is, they lead a sort of charmed existence, scarcely hearing at all the habitual comments and opinions of the living world on the lives and actions of ordinary men, or hearing them only through lips which communicate them with conventional expressions of condemnation and regret so as to break the jar upon the nerves. What of living evil they know accurately is either the chronic evil of a social condition far beneath their own, and on which, therefore, they look without any sense of temptation, without any realizing insight,—or, on the other hand, what they remember of their own youthful days at the University, which, again, has probably lost half its reality for them, and which they have pushed aside, neatly classified under the head of 'sins of youth.' What men who half-vainly seek to effect some sort of unity between the prayers and lessons of the Sunday and the actual work of the week miss so much in the sermon, is, any attempt to realize in detail how either the spiritual revelation or the moral teaching of Christ is to be applied to the totally new forms of life which have arisen in the present day. In the first place, science, striding rapidly along, is doing much to alter the form in which men conceive the relation of causes and effects in both the outer and the inner world,—doing much to substitute what Mr. Grove calls the principle of "perfect continuity" for the phenomena which the Prayer Book assumes, in its prayers for rain, fine weather, &c., to depend wholly on the direct volition of the Almighty,—and, again, to sap even the belief in individual freedom and responsibility by a kind of predestination totally different from that of St. Paul's epistles. And in the next place, the highly complex forms of our newest civilization introduce a variety of shades of duty and sentiment on the one hand, and of moral evil and selfishness on the other, which were far enough from the moral horizon of the Apostles, who sold all that they had to give to the poor and had all things in common. These, if they are to be judged by the standard of Christ at all, demand a very discriminating and powerful grasp of Christian principles, and a very clear insight into the superficial difference of widely divergent circumstances, before they can be judged satisfactorily and fairly. To effect these reconciliations is the task of the preacher of the present day, if he has a task at all. Of course it will be one thing to effect it for an agricultural labourer to whom science is a blank and the complex society of the day only a rumour, and to effect it for thinking merchants, or barristers, or politicians, or literary men. We do not know that the former is less difficult than the latter, and it might well be more difficult. To translate Christian faith and principles into the very life of an ordinary farm labourer, may often need a greater effort than to translate them into the thoughts of a class whose culture the clergyman shares. But this is what the sermon should do, if it does anything. It should bridge over the practical chasm between the revelation of eighteen hundred years ago and the living spiritual thoughts of to-day. It should attempt, more or less, to make us feel what St. Paul or our Lord Himself would have said to our modern perplexities of either faith or duty. If it cannot do this it is not preaching, but antiquarian commentary. And this, we are afraid, is still Mr. Gee's model of what a sermon should be. He has no conception at all of the need in question. He feels, as we all feel, that the spirit of the psalms, and prayers, and lessons of the Church enters into us to some extent without any effort beyond that of clearly understanding them, and when he comes to the sermon he has little further idea than to help us to an exposition and illustration of the meaning. But the truth is that while the language of prayer may well be the same throughout the centuries, since it is the language of want, and helplessness, and thanksgiving,—the sermon has little, if any use, unless it makes clear to the conscience and the understanding the immediate and detailed bearing of these feelings on the thought and conduct,—in one word, on the characteristic life of to-day. It is better to carry away undimmed

the immediate influence of prayer upon the heart, than to hear an address full of stereotyped forms of speech which only dilutes the Bible or the Prayer Book, and does nothing in the way of bridging the chasm between the present and the past. Yet this is the way Mr. Gee advises his clerical readers to start in the preparation of sermons:—

"I will take, as an illustration, the very general duty of a Christian profession. Let the text be S. Luke ix. 23, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.' 'If any man will come after me.' Here are offered to every man who wills to take Christ as his leader three directions, which are Christ's own mind in the matter. 1. 'Let him deny himself.' He must begin by denying his own wishes, tastes, and inclinations. 2. 'Let him take up his cross daily.' Let him make his account for continual trials and troubles on small points, rather than some one great thing which will begin and end his Christian conflict. 3. 'Let him follow me.' Let him tread in my footsteps, and try to imitate me. Let him take my life as his pattern, and his death will bring him to where I now sit in glory. This mode of treatment will, I believe, save the widest subject from being cramped or parcelled out into small divisions, and also from being lost in vague generalities; and again, I say, we may be thankful as preachers and hearers for the banks and bounds which the text affords to the exuberance of some imaginations."

No doubt there is a great deal to be thankful for in having "banks and bounds." As a thoughtful man once said when he was condoled with on the length of the sermon, "Yes; but it was very good of him to stop at all, for there was no reason why he should;"—but still, for our parts, we think this the only kind of thankfulness which such a treatment of the text as Mr. Gee suggests inspires. We confess we always shiver with horror when a worthy clergyman improves the text by amputating the first clause of it, and asking his dear brethren to dwell first upon that. We would as soon have beauty of form or face anatomized feature by feature, and limb by limb, to help us to comprehend it, or deal with a poem in the same fashion. Suppose any one took Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*,—

"Stern daughter of the voice of God,"

—and murdered it after the same fashion, beginning,—"*Stern*. Here is the leading thought on the mind of the poet when the form of duty suggests itself. He begins by calling her *stern*, that is, rigid in her requirements, not willing to admit excuses, but commanding and feeling a right to command. Secondly, *stern* as she is, she is a 'daughter' not self-originated, not God, but deriving all her being, all her right to command, from another. Thirdly, we see who that other is, it is the voice of God," &c., &c., *ad infinitum*. If any one commented on a great poem in this way, would he not quickly nauseate all hearers or readers of it, and connect it in their minds with all things ugly, mutilated, and deformed? Yes! this is how our preachers, in their anxiety for some sort of method, make a rule of pulverizing the words of Christ and the Prophets and Apostles, in the absence of any attempt to apply their thoughts and truths in their broadest and most comprehensive aspect to the actual worries and puzzles, spiritual, moral, and intellectual, of the present day. It would be far more to the purpose, if our preachers would kindly omit this horrible explanatory mutilation of the simplest possible sayings, and point out instead what practically our Lord meant to indicate to Galilean disciples by the phrase 'taking up the cross daily,' and how far sacrifices of the same *order*, which may be called 'taking up the cross' without any real exaggeration, are or are not required of us now. We imagine clergymen would find a vast deal more help from following the clue of a single spiritual puzzle, whether social, moral, or theological, which they had encountered in *their own* daily lives, and attempted to solve in the spirit of Christian teaching, than from spiritually *parving* all the sentences in the New Testament after the manner suggested by Mr. Gee.

How little Mr. Gee apprehends the main want in sermons of the present day, as felt by laymen, may be gathered from the following recommendation:—"So soon as your subject is fixed, go carefully through your library upon the point chosen. Begin with Greek commentaries; then take up English works of the same kind, then read sermons on the same text or similar texts, then make good any little point of geographical interest or historical accuracy that may be involved, then sketch out, it may be only in four lines, just the heads of your proposed sermon. The time cannot be wasted, and you will at least be kept in check when tempted to give too much space to some earlier division by the recollection that there are, say, three other divisions to be exhausted before you complete your discussion of the subject." All this is not very difficult advice to follow, but we suspect that when followed it is rather more likely to widen the chasm which Mr. Gee says he wants to fill up than to diminish it. How well,

alas! we know that sort of sermon which begins with a little geographical or antiquarian explanation. We remember a sermon that we once heard on St. Paul's healing of the maniac girl who practised divination at Philippi, which began with a long dissertation on the architecture of the little oratories or buildings for prayer which the Jews used to erect by river banks and in other solitary spots, a dissertation supposed to be *à propos* of a different translation of the words which the common version renders 'where prayer was wont to be made,' the preacher preferring to translate it 'where there was an oratory.' This question of whether St. Paul went out to "a place where prayer was wont to be made," or to a specific building for that purpose, evidently does not and could not matter a button to any Englishman of the nineteenth century; but if you've gone through "the Greek commentaries," and "English works" of the same kind, and "modern sermons" on the same text, and made good any little "geographical point,"—all which no doubt is quite harmless, may even be praiseworthy, so long as it does not deceive you as to the relative importance of antiquarian points and the principles of our modern life and duty,—the chances are that you have got up so many little critical and antiquarian interests on points of minute scholarship and shades of interpretation, that you have in the meantime pushed any urgent puzzle of every-day life on which the principle of the Apostle bears, quite into the background. When you've quite done with the river on which Philippi stood, and the *proseuche* which perhaps stood on its banks, and the purple dye which Lydia and the people of Thyatira used, and the nature of the maniacal disease from which the fortune-telling girl suffered, and the advantages of Philippi in being a Roman *colonia*, and all such bits of antiquarian twaddle,—twaddle of course only with reference to the light which Christianity is capable of shedding over modern faith and duty,—you've got into that regular rut of didactic prosing which renders it nearly impossible to get home to any pressing spiritual want of to-day at all. Who does not shudder when a sermon begins with points of this sort, discussions as to the kind of seed-hopper which might have been used by the sower when he went forth to sow, or the sort of seed indicated by what our version calls mustard-seed, which grew up into a big tree, or how much the two pence were worth which the Good Samaritan took out and gave to the innkeeper at Jericho? There's no harm in knowing these things, and there *are* clergymen who can pass naturally from them to deeper subjects. But they are very few, and even with them the transition is forced and unnatural.

The truth is that clerical counsellors of clergymen have, we take it, a false idea of the very nature of the preacher's duty. Mr. Gee, for instance, draws the usual strongly marked line between the 'inspiration' of the Apostles and any gift that modern men may hope for. All that the Apostles said, they said, as he thinks, without a thought of preparation; all that modern preachers say must be due to industry and art:—"Is it not the case that almost every act we do falls under the denomination of Inspiration, or of Instinct, or of Art? Can any other province be set forth and certain actions claimed as belonging rather to a fourth estate? That which is done under inspiration is beyond the reach of instruction. We cannot be so presumptuous as to prescribe to an Apostle how he should preach. We cannot suppose that he preached a better sermon at one time than another. It was, we know, the special instruction given to the first preachers of the Gospel that they should trust unreservedly to the Divine afflatus that should be upon them. Preparation for a discourse would be faithlessness. . . . All else besides the acts of inspiration and of instinct—all that man does, or contrives, or writes, or says, in the simple exercise of those reasonable powers which God has given us—is open to improvement." We confess we do not in the least accept this broad distinction. There is a command of Christ to His disciples to trust to the moment for what they shall say in their own defence under civil prosecution—"When they shall deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you,"—but there is no authority of which we know for supposing that the Apostles did not very carefully exercise their gifts, both human and divine, in premeditating their addresses to the Jews and Gentiles. Certainly St. Paul could not but have studied his address at Athens beginning with the reference to the altar to the Unknown God, and his quotation from a Greek poet. And his letters constantly contain express confessions that he was not speaking purely from inspiration. Indeed his human tact and *adroitness* are some of his great characteristics. Still less is it true, if the faith in the real spiritual teaching of man

by God be true at all, that modern preachers have no right to expect inspiration, and this of the same kind with, however different in degree from, the Apostles themselves. The promise of the gift of the Spirit, if it means anything, means that ordinary men may be guided by it in intellect, heart, and will. And unless preachers believe this, and can have a little faith that they have themselves such a guidance to trust to, they may read all the commentaries that ever were written, and clear up all the "geographical points" that antiquaries can raise, and interpret tongues till the English is plainer than the Hebrew and the Greek, and dogmatize with Bull, and moralize with Tillotson, and borrow eloquence from Jeremy Taylor, and they will never carry a single fortified position of doubt or sin in the hearts of their modern hearers. Mr. Gee's advice might be followed to the letter, and we should still think sermons in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred useless and vexatious dispensations for diminishing the spiritual influence of the Church service, and carefully blunting the religious feelings of church-goers before dismissing them to their homes.

THE PROVINCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

V.—THE WEST COUNTRY:—FROM THE SAXON TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

BEFORE the tide of Saxon conquest passed beyond the Exe, the British kingdom of the West was exposed, equally with its Saxon neighbours, to the ravages of new invaders—the Northmen—to whom the numerous mouths of rivers presented an irresistible temptation; and a common Christianity must have formed a new tie between the Saxons and Britons in the presence of these pagan pirates.

The Northmen appear to have been in Devonshire during parts of the years 876, 877, and 878. They are said even to have wintered in Exeter about 876 and 877, and in the latter year King Alfred is said to have besieged them in that town. It is stated that they then betook themselves to their fortress, where they were secure from his attacks, but that they soon afterwards made their peace, and gave the King such hostages as he required. In 878 Hubba made a descent on the north coast of Devonshire with twenty-three ships, and landed at Appledore (at the mouth of the river leading to Bideford). But he was defeated by the Saxons with great loss. Probably this was a combined resistance of the Britons and Saxons. In 894 the pirates again landed and besieged Exeter and other fortified towns, but on the approach of Alfred's army fled to their ships. On one occasion the Britons are said to have called in the aid of the Northmen against Egbert, the West-Saxon King, but in 813 that King penetrated into Cornwall, though this was of course only a raid. In 823 a great battle was fought at Camel-ford, between the Cornish Britons and the Saxons of Devonshire, and twelve years afterwards another severe battle is said to have been fought at Hengston Hill, in the parish of Stoke Clinsland, between Egbert and the united Northmen and Britons. About the year 926, Athelstan, one of the greatest of the West-Saxon Kings, and the first monarch of Saxon England, is stated to have defeated the Britons near Exeter, and to have expelled them from their joint possession of the city, and driven them towards, if not over, the Tamar. It was probably now that Athelstan spent his Christmas at Exeter, and promulgated his laws from that place. Nine years afterwards he is said to have completed the conquest of Cornwall, and reaching the Land's End, and there embarking his army, to have reduced the Scilly Islands also to obedience to his sceptre. From this time, then—about the year 935—the West Country ceased altogether to be British in its government, and became an integral part of the Saxon monarchy. From this time it followed the destinies and was moulded by the institutions and laws of another race. *Whence exactly that race—the Saxons—were derived we cannot determine.* Dr. Latham, after an exhaustive examination of the problem, pronounces it hopeless, beyond the single fact that they were "pirates from the North German seaboard. Some may have been Angle, some Frisian, some Platt-Deutsch, some Scandinavian." *What they were the history of England tells in unmistakable characters.* Their indomitable spirit, rather soberly persistent than brilliant—their strong common sense, rising into the noblest realism, the hatred of deception and unsubstantial shams, and the keenest appetite for positive truth, but degenerating into dull materialism—their strong love of order and law and appreciation of class rights and class distinctions stripped of class oppression—their calm self-reliance and rooted self-respect, rising into the highest kind of courage, the nicest sense of personal honour, and the most devoted self-sacrifice

and patriotic attachment, but sinking into arrogance and selfishness—their deep sense of responsibility to one another, as well as to the State, and hence their vivid resentment of injuries against others, as well as themselves, as equally under the guardianship of a common system of laws and a common standard of right—their disposition to act and think as members of a class, and yet resist anything which seemed to merge their individuality in the mass—in short, all the qualities which go to make up a good and honourable citizen of *one* well ordered State, with an impatience of foreign ideas and modes of life not based on positive law, and a disposition to rate a citizen of the world as a synonym for an unprincipled adventurer,—these have long formed constituent elements of the English national character, though they have been modified, and either expanded or neutralized to some extent, by the additional elements of race which have from time to time been blended with the stock. How far they influenced and were influenced by the Kelto-Romanic element of the West Country it is not easy to say. Certainly the contact of the two races in this part of the island must have differed essentially from that elsewhere. Five hundred years had elapsed since the Roman dominion ceased in Britain ere the Saxon sway was extended over the whole of the West Country. During the greater part of that period the district had been left to its own self-government, with such elements of civilization as up to that period existed within its frontiers, and such slight infusions from without as the hostile or quasi-hostile attitude of its neighbours would permit. Its inhabitants met with a scarcely diminished vital force of national character another nation, already far advanced in a civilization of its own, and entirely different from the wild races who six hundred years before were a terror to Roman Britain. Who can estimate the vast influence on the future character of the West Country, of this long period of independent growth in the two races who now amalgamated as common citizens? The Romano-Keltic civilization was not here uprooted by fire and sword, but received into the heart of Saxon England in a comparatively intact state. Had that civilization been of the most advanced type of Roman Britain, no doubt the effect would have been more striking; but even as it was, there must have been some remarkable results, and we have now, though very briefly, to endeavour to estimate them in the subsequent history of the amalgamated province.

There is but little *special* history of the West Country during its subjection to the Saxons, indeed, as we have seen, it was not completely reduced under their sway until within little more than a hundred years of their own overthrow by the Normans. During the interval the West Country enjoyed the advantages of advancing civilization and growing wealth and prosperity under the greater Anglo-Saxon monarchs, and was exposed to all the trials of the Scandinavian invasions and occupations. Every one knows the story of Alfred's retreat to the island of Athelney, at the confluence of the rivers Tone and Parret, and his reconquest of Wessex from the Scandinavians step by step from that stronghold. Indeed the tide of Scandinavian conquest seems to have followed very much the course of the early Saxon invaders. In the reign of Æthelred the Unready, in 981, the Northmen plundered the monastery of St. Petroc, in Cornwall. In the same reign they laid waste Devonshire and burnt Exeter. In the year 997 they came up the Tamar and ravaged the country as far as Ladford. Tavistock Abbey was burnt by them during this inroad, and they desolated the neighbouring parts of Cornwall—the land of the Cornish Wealas. In 1001 they landed at Exmouth, and marched to Exeter, which they besieged, but failing to take it, they laid waste the surrounding country. At Pinhoe they defeated the Saxon General Cola, and the day after the battle burnt Pinhoe, Broad Clist, and other neighbouring villages, and then marched with great spoils to their ships. In 1003 they again landed at Exmouth, again besieged Exeter, and this time took it, and nearly destroyed the city. Canute in his struggle with the Saxons ravaged the country with fire and sword, and at one time reduced all Wessex under his rule. It was rescued from him by Edmund Ironside, and in the division of the kingdom between them fell to the share of the West Saxon. His premature death, however, in the latter part of the year 1016, again placed it under the Danish yoke, under which it remained twenty-six years, down to the death of Hardicanute, in the middle of the year 1042. During the greater part of this period the condition of the West Country was much more tolerable than in the years which had followed the death of King Edgar. Canute the King was a very different man from Canute the conqueror. He repaired or rebuilt many of the churches and towns which had been destroyed by the Northmen, and showed every disposition to conciliate not only the Saxon Churchmen, but the laity also.

He promulgated a code of laws from Winchester, which may be regarded as the result of the numerous journeys he had made through every part of his dominions. He published a code of forest laws, "in which it is particularly striking to see with what care their distinctive rights are preserved to the Anglo-Saxons and their several provinces, as well as to the Danes, to whom no legal favour appears to have been shown." Still the influence thus exerted over the West Country by the Royal Dane was a *personal* one, and the *Danish* influence beyond this must have been slight in Wessex, of which the population consisted mostly of Saxons, or Saxo-British, and which, during this period, was the stronghold of the Royal Anglo-Saxon House. Still there are some decidedly Scandinavian names among the holders of land in Devon and Cornwall in the reign of Edward the Confessor. When Godwin placed himself at the head of the Anglo-Saxon party, at the close of the reign of Hardicanute, it was on Wessex that the basis of his power rested, the other parts of the kingdom leaning to the Danish succession. Godwin's own earldom extended over the greatest part of the West Country, and was joined on its northern frontier by that of his son, Sweyn. Cornwall probably remained during the same period very much under the rule of its old princes, in subordination to the central authority, whatever that was. But the ascendancy of the House of Godwin there can be no doubt was complete through the whole of the West Country. The character of that great man has as yet had but imperfect justice done to it. Even in the aggrandizement of his own family, he seems to have been regulated to a great extent by wider and national feelings, and there can be no doubt that his influence, so far as it was felt, was a beneficial one throughout the West Country, which again in him felt the hand of a firm and wise ruler. It shared the vicissitudes of his fortunes, and on his banishment, Oddon or Odo, a Norman, had bestowed upon him the earldom over the counties of Devon, Somerset, Dorset, and Cornwall, but the return of Godwin soon displaced the intrusive Norman.

It would be curious to ascertain the proportion of the Norman influence which crept into England during the reign of Edward the Confessor which fell to the share of the West Country. Probably the preponderance of the House of Godwin during the greater portion of that reign would exclude it very much from its area. At any rate, if we may judge from the list of landowners of Devon and Cornwall in the reign of Edward the Confessor, given in Domesday Book, the House of Godwin seems to have made a clear sweep of most of the Norman intruders. The name "Norman" occurs some five or six times, and there are one or two other names which may be possibly those of Normans, but the great proportion of the rest are either Saxon, Danish, or British. The first, however, of these races has the lion's share, the decidedly British names of landowners occurring comparatively rarely even in Cornwall. Indeed they occur as frequently in Devonshire. Whether this points to a wholesale displacement of the British possessors by Saxons, or only to the adoption of Saxon names by the conquered Britons, it is impossible to say. Harold succeeded his father Godwin in the Earldom of Wessex, and his mother Githa is said to have sought refuge at Exeter after the battle of Hastings. In the year 1067 King William marched westward to reduce those parts, and approached Exeter with a large army. The citizens seem to have been divided as to the policy of resistance. The leading citizens of the pacific faction repaired to William's camp, besought his pardon, and having promised fealty and that they would receive him with open gates, gave such hostages as he required. But when they returned to their fellow-citizens they found themselves outvoted, and the majority resolved upon an obstinate resistance. William, who was then encamped four miles from the city, pushed forward with 500 horse, but finding the gates shut and the walls and bulwarks manned with a great force, he gave orders for his whole army to advance, and caused the eyes of the unfortunate hostages to be put out in front of the city gates. But the citizens, undaunted, defended the place in a most determined manner for several days, till finding further resistance useless, they held a council, and resolved to throw themselves upon the King's mercy. Accordingly, "the chief men of the city, with its youth and beauty, and the clergy carrying the sacred volumes, went in procession and threw themselves at his feet." William seems to have thought it good policy to conciliate this important capital of the West, and at once granted them a pardon, with protection against plunder. To overawe them, however, for the future, he resolved to build a castle there, and committed this work and its governorship when completed to Baldwin de Molis, son of Earl Gilbert, with other select knights. He then marched into Cornwall, Githa having made her escape into Flanders, it is said,

before the surrender of Exeter. The citizens of that town seem to have been so strongly impressed by William's mixture of severity and clemency, or so overawed by his officers, that when, two years afterwards, Godwin and Edmund, two of Harold's sons, having defeated the Norman commander in Somerset, marched into Devonshire and endeavoured to obtain possession of the city, they held it against them, and were relieved by Earls William and Brion, sent by King William, uniting with whom they entirely defeated the Saxon invaders. Cornwall suffered much during this inroad of the sons of Harold. After this time the West Country settled down under Norman rule, and we may consider the Anglo-Saxon period is at an end. Before, however, glancing at the events of the remaining eight hundred years of its history, we must pause for a moment to estimate the progress which it had made up to this time.

It is not necessary here to enter on the general character of the Anglo-Saxon constitution, laws, and customs. These belong to the general rather than a provincial history of England. We know that the basis of the system was property, usually land, and that upon this was established a graduated scale of classes, each with specified rights and acknowledged disabilities; that as little as possible was left to the exercise of personal discretion or the influence of personal character; that the law and custom of the Land were held as paramount, and introduced into nearly every relation and concern of life. The King himself, as well as the nobles, had to submit to this yoke, and their relative importance in the kingdom was rigidly laid down by the standard of their *wergyl*d. This, however, varied in the different Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, and we are thus able to estimate the greater or less democratic or aristocratic character of the social system in each part of England. In Wessex we find that the noble of the first class was estimated in value in proportion to the *ceorl* or simple freeman as 6 to 1, the second class (or six-hundred man) being as 3 to 1, while the King stood to the *ceorl* in the proportion of 72 to 1. In Mercia the proportions seem to have been exactly the same, except that there were no six-hundred men. In Northumbria the value of the King rose to 113 to 1 nearly, and that of the noble of the first class to 56 to 1 nearly. If a certain document is genuine, there were three other classes of inferior nobles, whose proportionate value to the *ceorl* descended gradually to 7½ to 1. This therefore was the most aristocratic part of the kingdom. On the other hand, in Kent we have the democratic element in equal strength. The King in this county only stood to the *ceorl* as 17½ to 1, while the noble stood to the *ceorl* only as 2 to 1. In Wessex and Mercia, then, we have the medium between these extremes, and probably the nearest approximation to the present social condition of England. Land being the general standard of reference in these values, we can also thus arrive at some general idea of its distribution in the West Country during the Saxon period. The possessions of the largest landowners were considerable, but not outrageously so, while between them and the general mass of yeomen, who were by no means in a degraded position, were a middle class of gentry with sufficiently large possessions to hold the great landowners in check. While such was the general distribution of the land, an urban element was growing up which became very important throughout England, and was strongly, though not overpoweringly, felt in the West Country. Perhaps we may even say that on the whole the *land* maintained an ascendancy so far that its influence was uninterfered with over large areas of the agricultural and pastoral population, while the urban strength was nearly confined to the neighbourhood of the sea-port or river-port towns.

MANCHESTER REFORM DEMONSTRATION.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

SIR,—In accordance with the spirit of your instructions to me to take notes of the Manchester Reform Demonstration as an "outsider"—a critic or note-taker simply—I resolved to begin my duties with one of those auxiliary meetings—Reform streams, so to speak, that were intended to flow into one vast human sea, at the Camp-Field, Manchester, on the 24th of this month. On Saturday morning, therefore, I went to Liverpool, knowing by experience that I should find there an entirely different kind of "life" from that of any other of the subordinate meetings lately held in Lancashire; in fact, that Reform, or any meetings held in Rochdale, Bolton, Oldham, and the other manufacturing towns of this county are only Manchester meetings reproduced, while Liverpool, with its moving population, its large number of out-door artisans and labourers, and its comparatively few in-door ones, is essentially different, in its goodness or badness, from any town in

Lancashire, and perhaps in England. Whatever it gave of ruly or unruly elements to the Manchester Demonstration would, I knew, be unique in kind.

The meeting was held in the sheds of the North Haymarket, and was presided over by Mr. Robertson Gladstone, brother of the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. There were two platforms, and the principal speakers, in addition to the chairman, were Mr. J. R. Jeffery, the "senior partner" in the "Compton House" firm, Liverpool; Mr. Beales and Mr. Potter, of London; and a working man, Mr. Planch. The number of persons present varied at different times during the afternoon, and I am unable to estimate the average attendance, but it may be interesting to know that the *Mercury* (Liberal) newspaper says that at one time the number of people present would not be less than from 25,000 to 30,000, while the *Courier* (Conservative) newspaper says "the scene of the demonstration would be visited by about 10,000 persons [in all I suppose]. At 3 o'clock the crowd would number 4,000, when Mr. Beales was speaking about 5,000, and at the time the chair was vacated about 2,500"—a very exact and definite calculation, but I fancy much below the fact, though the meeting was not one of those that one feels from the first to be very earnest and sincere. There was something in the manner of the principal speakers not quite pleasant, certainly not conciliating. Mr. R. Gladstone and Mr. Jeffery are good speakers, as far as force and a certain rough and ready eloquence go, but worse men to convince those they are addressing that it is all said in kindness, not in enmity, I never met anywhere. They came to the Haymarket to fight a Radical battle; this was plainly marked in every word they spoke, and they fought it, browbeating and defying their opponents, and getting browbeating and defiance in their turn. At times the meeting was exceedingly rough, as you know from the daily papers. I do not think it was earnest at any time. I do not think there were in it many serious noble thoughts, calculated to raise men to solemn and elevated conceptions of their rights and duties as citizens.

The Liverpool Conservative newspaper argued, on Saturday, as a prelude to the meeting, that Liverpool working men take no interest in Reform; that of the total male occupiers, numbering 60,533, or of the persons assessed to the poor-rate as paying a rental of 10*l.* per annum—in number, 40,079, without counting some other 4,000 or so of doubtful right—only 20,554 availed themselves of their privilege as electors. This of course is a party view of the subject, and makes no allowance for the number of occupiers who, as sailors and ship-carpenters, are on shipboard and away from home. Yet, after all, the figures do not altogether lie in this case. I do not think the Liverpool working men, as a body, either understand or care for Parliamentary Reform, as their artisan and manufacturing brethren in the manufacturing towns certainly do. Their interests are divided; if they see the beginning of a political social struggle, they are probably in the middle of the Atlantic before it is many weeks old, and possibly talking with Australian workmen about Australian politics before the agitation is anything like at fever heat. I never yet knew a sailor or ship-carpenter who did not prefer story-books or light serial magazines, to any other kind of reading that could be given him, to take to sea. They are a light, cheerful, generous, and in some respects almost childlike body of men, careful to fastidiousness about personal dignity, but rather inclined than otherwise to laugh at the "lubbards who bother themselves about things they don't understand." I knew some years ago the first mate of a fine vessel leave his post, on the very day of the vessel sailing, because the owner gave some order that should have come from the "master" of the ship. I knew a large body of ship-carpenters strike for "allowance," when at "old work" (repairing), one pint of ale each day, and two on Saturday. And a bitter strike it was. I remember seeing about thirty or forty of the same class of men, engaged in "caulking" a ship's side, turn about and sit down, with their backs to the ship, because the owner was "watching" them. And they sat there, to the great amusement of by-standers, till the man went away. In magnificent stupidity I hardly ever found anything among any other body of workmen to equal these things, and some similar ones I have known done by ship-carpenters and sailors where their personal dignity was at stake.

On Monday morning, somewhat early, I strolled through the streets of Manchester to see what I could, and I must say that I neither saw nor heard any statement or opinion opposed to Reform or making light of it, where the opinions were worth having. About the time when Manchester men usually begin business I sought the committee-room of the "Reform League," the rain at this time falling heavily, to the great dismay of ardent Reformers, who had hoped much from a fine day such as the

Liverpool people had had on Saturday for their meeting. The committee-room was too small and crowded to invite a long stay, so I went again into the street, where the flags of the "National Reform Union" were displayed at a few important points of the leading public thoroughfares. The scene was altogether as cheerless as could well be imagined, and the stout words of the more determined Reformers were a curious contrast to their faces, which were not at all confident of the success of the "Demonstration." A few placards, illustrating Mr. Bright's comparison of the Derby Government to the black singers, with their "banjo" and "bones," were displayed, but on the whole there were fewer caricatures and exciting placards than usual on great political occasions in Manchester. During the morning bodies of men came in from the country and from neighbouring towns. The associations represented in connection with the National Reform Union (not the National League, under whose auspices the demonstration was organized) were from about 100 different parts of the manufacturing districts, from most of which, however, the representatives could not be very numerous, judging by the actual number on the Camp-Field. The Oldham men, the *Manchester Examiner* says, marched (in number about 3,000) all the way from Oldham to Manchester, and so on to Camp-Field, and if the Manchester men had done the same the procession, to my view, would have been much more imposing and significant.

As it was, a string of conveyances—carriages, cabs, and other vehicles—started from the Town Hall a little after two o'clock, and at various points during the procession received additions to their number till in the end they formed a pretty long line, but not, I think, supplying by their number an argument for Reform, as the Oldham men certainly did, by showing how much they cared for it, and how much trouble they could take in its cause. The whole affair, so far as the chief procession was concerned, could not have much interest to lookers-on. Here and there a group of people at a street-corner shouted or cheered, but I saw no enthusiasm, though I accompanied the procession on foot from the first, and remained on the ground till the meeting closed. The flags displayed were mostly belonging to the National Reform Union, which seemed to co-operate heartily, while, however, I thought, trying to outvie the League as the organization to lead Lancashire men to a Reform victory. Draggled, tawdry, anything but dignified, was the grand carriage procession when it reached Camp-Field, the well known Knot Mill Fair ground. The foot processions seemed to have arrived previously, for the ground was to all appearance covered with people. My own impression is that the "Demonstration" was a failure. I could not help noticing that no allusion, made either here or in the Free Trade Hall, afterwards was so heartily cheered as the slightest mention of the ballot. That, I am sure, these people have set their hearts upon almost unanimously. I am not arguing for the ballot, but stating a fact that no person who looked candidly on these meetings could dispute. The "Demonstration" ended about half-past four; the meeting in the Free Trade Hall was announced for half-past seven, but at little more than half-past six I could not obtain a seat; the hall was completely filled. A place, however, I did find, by waiting long enough, and before the time of the meeting I was very well situated for hearing the speakers and seeing the faces in front of the platform. Not a single place on which a human foot could stand was vacant, and one could partly understand, looking on those thousands of faces, for the most part bright, intelligent ones, what a grand power it is that can sway such an assemblage for good, and what a fearful responsibility rests upon a man gifted with eloquence that he does not sway them for evil.

Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., was in the chair, and opened the meeting with a short speech, which he appeared to read, and which (as a speech) looks much better in print than it sounded at the time of its delivery. Mr. Potter seems to have many friends among the working men here; he was warmly received, and the modest way in which he disclaimed all personal credit, and handed it to Mr. Bright, was not displeasing even to a critic. The words that look so denouncing in print did not sound so, while those of Mr. Ernest Jones do not read half so fiercely as they sounded. Mr. Potter does not use any undue amount of gesticulation; Mr. Jones might speak effectively in dumb show, so fiercely does he move his hands and change his attitude. Mr. Potter contented himself with making a short speech; Mr. Jones and Mr. Beales had their "duty to perform," and made rather long ones, the latter gentleman drawing down on himself a good deal of disapproval, not by any means charily expressed, for doing so. And then he made matters worse by defying the noise, in one of the most approved attitudes, not unlike what one has seen of Ajax defying the lightning. His manner was really quite absurd at

times but the good-natured people always reassured him by drowning the adverse noise with applause. A working man who was sitting near to me in his shirt-sleeves (a large number of people had taken their coats off, in consequence of the heat)—said, in a very sympathetic way—"It's too bad, this noise. They want to hear Bright, of course, and nobody else, but they should not hiss Beales, when he had lost 200*l.* a year for his principles." It was surely quite a mistake to make Mr. Beales a martyr.

The avowed object of the address and all the speeches was to ask Mr. Bright to place himself in front of the Reform struggle, to be its "leader," its "standard-bearer," its "pilot"—such were a few of the figures used—and Mr. Bright was assured that this people, "representing all England," would stand at his back, shoulder to shoulder, against the proud despotic oligarchy until the victory was won. All these remarks were loudly cheered. Then, when the chairman called for an "Aye" to the address, he had an aye like a roll of thunder; and it was succeeded by loud cheers, often repeated, and not to be mistaken for anything but what they purported to mean. When Mr. Bright rose the entire audience also rose, and cheered for several minutes with a heartiness surpassing all that had preceded it, and only equalled by the cheers when he concluded.

The hon. gentleman's speech you do not expect me to criticize; but I may say that his manner was calm, calmer in some respects than his words, though the intense scorn he put into his denunciation of the means by which the late Government was defeated was something that neither the reporter nor I can convey to paper. His picture of Lord Derby, too, with the long life of failure and obstruction, was exceedingly powerful, and when he declared that the country would not accept Reform from the enemies of Reform, the cheers burst out into a decisive and unmistakable endorsement of the declaration.

Few, if any, of the great points or lessons of this powerful speech were lost. The fact of the Crown standing with the people and recommending Reform, the dead body of the county representation, the Tory cheers greeting the Tory speech of Mr. Lowe, the electioneering corruption repudiated on the part of towns like Manchester and Birmingham, and shown to belong to the small constituencies, which "men with plenty of money in their pockets and no principle in their hearts" came down to buy,—these points were clearly put and immediately recognized and cheered. "Manchester knows not bribery, neither does Birmingham," was a proud assertion, proudly made, and proudly received as a tribute to the town and the classes in it without Parliamentary votes. Mr. Lowe delivering "a speech such as none of the Tories dared have made, and that not one of them could have made so well," was caught in a moment and greeted with loud laughter. In fact the speech was an exceedingly powerful one, and though I have known speeches of Mr. Bright's that have awakened greater enthusiasm, I do not remember any since the Free-Trade days more calculated to deepen the conviction that the question of Parliamentary Reform must, before long, be dealt with, and dealt with honestly. In saying what I have said about the Demonstration, I have merely stated my impression, and it is an undoubting one. But I am none the less convinced that if any disaster fell upon us as a nation, a very different demonstration would rise from the elements I saw on Monday night at the Free Trade Hall. The people here still remember, and talk of with intense bitterness, the attack made on a peaceful meeting, now nearly fifty years ago, on the very spot where their Free Trade Hall now stands. They call it Peterloo, and point to the massacre of (killed and wounded) 400 unarmed, peaceful citizens, assembled there in public meeting, as a proof of what the Tories would do yet if they had the power. Mr. Hunt, the chairman of the meeting, is now almost gone from recollection, but the memory of that sad day is kept ever green, and is likely to be so kept for generations to come. I have heard it mentioned again and again during my present visit, as the remarks of Mr. Lowe also are mentioned, with abhorrence, and fierce threats of what might yet be done "to show such men that the people would not be trampled upon and libelled by them." There is not the slightest doubt that a powerful majority of the artisan and manufacturing population of the towns of this district are desirous of possessing the elective franchise, believing that it will help them to the education of their children, and a better control of the national policy at home and abroad. I have tried, as fairly as I can, to point to the difference between Manchester and Liverpool, but if you take Lancashire as a whole there is in it a power that should not be trifled with, and will not be trifled with, if our statesmen can read aright the signs of the times. I noticed that the references—and they were not a few—to the Church and the Peers were

invariably cheered. Mr. Bright's allusion to the Thirty-Nine Articles was loudly applauded, though I believe there are few people readier to bow to the worth of a brave and self-denying clergyman than the poorer classes of the people of Lancashire are. The reference to Lord Derby's attempt to have Mr. Lowe as a colleague was caught in a moment, and received with ironical cheers. In short, the meeting seemed to me intelligent as well as sincere. I do not think the demonstration was either the one or the other. If I wished to damage Reform I should get up "demonstrations," whilst they meant as little as this one did.

THE CAPABILITIES OF THE NEGRO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—On behalf of my negro fellow-countrymen in Jamaica, I beg you to accept our grateful thanks for your able and unflinching exposure of the prevalent errors with reference to our race. Will you permit me to state very briefly a few facts bearing upon the assertion of Sir S. Baker, that the negro "has little in common with the white man beyond the simple instincts of human nature?" I think I ought to know something about the question, for I am a negro myself, and up to my twenty-third year was a slave in Jamaica. I have all my life lived among the race whom Sir S. Baker considers as scarcely possessing human reason, and I say unhesitatingly that I can prove his assertion to be incorrect. Why, Sir, there is not a single profession or trade in Jamaica which has not among its representatives a negro. There are, as you well know, negro members of the House of Representatives who may be supposed to possess at least a sufficient glimmering of reason to enable them to discern the meaning of the laws which they enact, there are negro lawyers, negro doctors, negro ministers, negro merchants, negro managers of estates, negro sea captains, and negro schoolmasters. The head master of the Wilmore Free School at Kingston, one of the largest educational establishments in the island, is a negro, as are also the engine-drivers on the only railway in Jamaica. In fact, Sir, in that island both the lives and the property of vast numbers of the inhabitants are entrusted to members of that race, which Sir S. Baker regards as possessing only the "simple instincts of human nature." How wonderful, truly, must be the "simple instinct" which enables our negro engineers to manage the extensive sugar-refining machinery on our plantations! A "simple instinct" has induced the negroes to erect, at their own expense, a large school for the education of their children, in the New Road district, between the parishes of St. Elizabeth and Westmoreland. This school is taught by negro masters, is supported by negro contributions, and is managed by a committee of negroes. In the very same district a bank has been established by the negroes, which is conducted by the "simple instinct" of a negro manager, and receives the small savings of the negro inhabitants of the district. Though established only three years, this bank has, at the present time, deposits to the amount of about 500*l.* I need hardly tell you, Sir, that throughout the whole island the soil is tilled, the crops are cultivated, and the markets supplied by negroes. An association has been recently formed by the "simple instincts" of the negro freeholders for the transmission direct to England of their produce, and the first-fruits of this society have just been brought to this country in the shape of a cargo of produce worth about 700*l.*

In conclusion, permit me to say that, if circumstances permit, I hope to have a public opportunity of measuring my "simple instinct" against the lofty reason of Sir S. Baker.—I am, Sir, &c.,

SAMUEL W. HOLT.

Crosby Garrett, Westmoreland, September 25, 1866.

THE LAST WORD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It is just as well to hunt a misrepresentation, even if not of very great importance to the public, into its last corner, so I will ask you for a dozen lines of your space to point out the corner in which Mr. Maurice finds himself.

All that Mr. Maurice now taxes me with is a sin of omission. "I did not find any allusion," he says, speaking of the contents of my article, "to a set of persons who, as I knew, had been more active than all others in complaining of the workhouse administration, and, as I believe, from the very best motives. I complained of this omission." Quite the reverse of this. He complained that I had alluded to them, that my article was "designed to throw discredit on the recent movement for workhouse reformation," that in my remarks "those who have spoken on the subject are treated," &c. How came he to say this, when a fortnight afterwards he tells you that he found no allusion at all to the agents in

the recent movement? In his first letter he is very angry with me for attacking the reformers, in his second he vows that he was angry with me for never alluding to them in any way. This, I suppose, is what poor Dr. Kidd means when he talks of Mr. Maurice's "own inimitable way." It is inimitable, luckily.—
Yours obediently,
JOHN MORLEY.

September 24, 1866.

[As Mr. Morley considers himself aggrieved, we have inserted his letters from regard to justice. But the spirit of this last unmannerly letter speaks for itself. Every one, we will venture to say, who read Mr. Morley's article supposed him to be attacking those who were most prominent in the movement against the Guardians, and Mr. Maurice naturally fell into what Mr. Morley speaks of as that error. Mr. Morley denied that he had attacked these persons. Mr. Maurice then asked why he made no reservation in favour of some who were apparently pointed at by his article, and complained that this omission led all ordinary readers to suppose that these persons were condemned as empty agitators. Mr. Morley replies that Mr. Maurice first charged him with attacking a class whom he ought to have praised, and next with omitting to exempt them from his censure. No doubt; and the practical distinction between these two criticisms is so slight in such a case as this, that the latter, which he admits to be true, is very nearly equivalent to the former, which every one supposed to be true, till after Mr. Morley's explanation.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

BOOKS.

DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS.*

THERE is a great fascination for us in all Mr. Gilbert's works, and in this certainly not the least. Indeed stories of monomania are curiously well suited to the nature of his singular genius. Just as Defoe never wrote anything quite so good as the *Mysterious Apparition of Mrs. Veal*, which is prefixed to that remarkably dull work called *Drelincourt on Death*, because the somewhat *outré* and preternatural character of the event he was describing brought out in striking relief the business-like detail and method of his style, so Mr. Gilbert feels instinctively that the great command he has of the same style, the pleasure which he takes in inventing fictitious trivialities of daily life and registering them with an air of industrious accuracy and serious responsibility which produces the effect of artistic illusion on the reader's imagination though without of course deceiving him, is set off in high relief by the single spot of diseased and grotesque conception, which puts, as it were, a false sun and a corresponding host of false shadows into the monomaniac's otherwise real enough and often very prosaic world. Admirable as were the stories in *Shirley Hall Asylum*, Mr. Gilbert has advanced a step in his peculiar style of art in the book before us. He is as methodical, as business-like, as unconscious of literary effect as ever, but there is in several of these tales just a touch of an ideal element, either of beauty or horror, in the monomania, which raises them above the standard of wonderfully told bizarreries of fate, into something tragic and solemn. The *Patent Mania* of Mr. Cochrane is a story of a craze a shade too like that of the supposed narrator himself, as well as too unrelieved by any ideal touch, to be thoroughly impressive. (Why, by the way, did not Mr. Gilbert tell us instead, in his wonderfully telling and precise style, a story of currency monomania, one of the commonest and most exciting forms of diseased pseudo-scientific energy?) But all the other stories, except indeed the *Old Maid's*, which is a very well told tale merely of excessively nervous weak-mindedness, and the *Singular Love Story*, in which the exquisite grotesquerie of the delusion, like that in the former volume of the lady who believed herself to be Xerxes, almost compensates for the absence of any deeper touch, have in them something of an ideal contrast to the minute and business-like method of the author's style. Where this is so, there is something singularly impressive in the effect produced by the great contrast with the minute and business-like record in which these touches are brought out. Literature is usually created by men who are thoroughly aware that their function is to delineate something, either incident, or scenery, or character, or feeling. Mr. Gilbert, like Defoe, writes as if he did not at all belong to the literary caste, as if his object were not to delineate, but to record, as a sailor records in his log or a surgeon in his diary. He appears not to be summoning figures or events before the eye, but anxiously setting down transactions to aid the memory. His eye is not apparently on the points which will make his picture graphic, but his memory is anxiously noting the

exact succession of events as they occurred, even though many of them may be superfluous to the story, and not necessary in order to understand its issue. He tells the tale, like ordinary unliterary persons, not in its plan, outline, and intellectual bearings, but as he heard it, with all the little incidental odds and ends which cling about a tale in an ordinary memory, and seem to aid the recollection, though they are entirely extraneous to its real course. Yet these little odds and ends are the very things which give the peculiar force to his art, and carry with them the artistic illusion which is Mr. Gilbert's greatest strength. He does not paint character, but he tells you what a man has *done*, so that you cannot help painting it for yourself. He does not look round with literary instinct for those lighter touches which add to the general effect of a scene; on the contrary, he seems to pace his way soberly with downcast eyes along the straight course of his narrative, recording step after step with methodical precision, and yet leading up by this slow and formal conscientiousness of manner to such characteristic intensities of effect, that you cannot choose but receive a stronger impression than a far more apparently artistic description would have given. If the maxim *ars est celare artem* were as universally true as it is often false, Mr. Gilbert would be at the head of the literary artists of the present day. He pretends to *plod*, and to some extent no doubt does plod in a literary sense, in his narrative; but by that very heavy matter-of-factness of manner, and apparent indifference to anything but the solid bricks of circumstantial reality, with layer after layer of which he builds his story, he gives a force and impressiveness, and gains a vice-like grip on the reader's imagination, which no rich and conscious literary imagination could command.

The first story, called *Mr. Gurdon's Plight*, though not depending for its impression on any touch so ideal and striking as some of the others, is told with very great power. The great effect of the tale is the exhibition of a man of hard character, of cynical temper, of the profoundest self-confidence in his own *sang-froid*, and also very acute in weighing the value of the slightest traces of moral evidence, suddenly shaken to his centre by indisputable proof of a nervous weakness in himself of which at the moment he had been unconscious, but of which he had left the clearest evidence in the palpable marks of his fingers on his niece's wrist at the place where he had been holding her during a few minutes of peril on a steamboat, under one of the arches of old Blackfriars' Bridge. The way in which this proof of his own weakness shatters Mr. Gurdon's vanity of self-reliance, and burns a sore spot into his memory which, connecting itself closely with the locality where he had thus broken down in his own esteem, settles into a physical panic of further danger to him to happen in the same place, and the way in which this panic again is indefinitely heightened and stimulated into nervous disease by the violent and reiterated spurring on of his own recoiling will to encounter and surmount it, is all brought out with tenfold force, because the narrative, completely evading the psychological rationale of Mr. Gurdon's disease, plods steadily on with the external details of its development, never even hinting a single general observation on its moral origin, or on the bad policy of the hand-to-hand struggle in which Mr. Gurdon's prideful him toengeage with the morbid weakness of his own character. The peculiar force of the story lies in the complete and absolute silence it observes as to the psychology of Mr. Gurdon's break-down, and yet the minuteness of the petty incidents in which every stage of that break-down is bas-relieved, as it were, for us, and so bas-relieved that we cannot avoid forming our own conclusion as to his character. You see the morbid spot growing and spreading in his mind, and yet you are told little or nothing of his feelings or sensations, but only what he did from hour to hour,—how his attention was distracted in court from his professional alertness by watching the prisoners' hands to see if they were grasping anything with the nervous tension which his own fingers had shown on the steamboat,—how his knees trembled under him as he passed again over the arch under which his self-possession had first given way,—and so forth. The story is a most curiously sculptured literary gargoyle, as it were,—the outward and visible expression of a great mental collapse,—the collapse of that hardness which seems strength, and often conceals so much weakness.

The monomania of the man who believed himself to have been born at seventy-three years of age and to have been growing younger ever since, so as to be approaching infancy while the lady of his choice was approaching age, is only remarkable for the admirable air of melancholy matter-of-fact with which Mr. Gilbert makes him tell it. It is scarcely possible to bring any example of gravely suppressed humour to excel that in the following passages of the monomaniac's history:—

* *Dr. Austin's Guests*. By William Gilbert. 2 vols. London: Strahan.

"The attachment which a young couple form for each other, if a fortunate one, remains nearly of the same description for the duration of their lives, while my love has experienced many changes. It commenced with such an attachment as an old man bears to an interesting little girl—such, indeed, as a grandfather may feel to the youthful bequest left by a much loved daughter. As years passed on, the feeling changed to such as a fond father would entertain towards a fragile, delicate young woman—his darling child. As I got younger, and as she became older, it changed again to that calm, considerate affection, that combination of love and prudence, with which a middle-aged man may be supposed to regard a woman about his own age, fitted in every respect to become his wife. But as years rolled on, and I got still younger, she in the same ratio becoming older, my love changed to the more enthusiastic and less selfish passion of the youthful admirer whose ardency can overlook difference of age. Now, although I have not seen her for some time, and am aware that she is advancing in years, my love for her is greater than ever, and I am convinced it will continue to increase in intensity as long as I live. So you see that, although I have had but one attachment, my experience in love matters has, nevertheless, been far greater and more perfect than that of thousands of others who have fluttered from beauty to beauty, persuading themselves they were in love, though hardly alive to the meaning of the term.'

"I reflected on the extraordinary love I bore for Mrs. Wiggins, and how completely my happiness was bound up in her, and the misery I should have to endure if I were separated from her. After I had thought over the whole subject, I drew a clear description of my own position. I remembered the anecdote of the Archbishop of Toledo mentioned by Gil Blas,—how, as he grew older, and his wits feebler, he considered that his power of preaching improved, and his insane and foolish anger at having his real state pointed out to him. I was determined not to shut my eyes to my increasing youth and inexperience. I then reflected that if it were not a duty I owed to myself to guard against committing such a folly, I at least owed something to Mrs. Wiggins. Although I was still old enough to make a union with the widow possible, I could not overlook the fact that in a short time the case would become different. Instead of my being a companion to her, and cherishing her in my bosom, she might be employed in packing my boxes and sending me to school. And, worse still, in a few more years she would need a stay and protector in her advancing age, and she would then have to bestow on me the care and solicitude due to tender infancy. No, I was resolved I would never subject her to such a duty. That she would perform it with tenderness and affection I was persuaded; but it would be unjust on my part, through selfishness, to put a task like this upon her. No, nothing should shake my resolution: I would go with the doctor. I did go, and here I trust I shall remain for the rest of my life, looking forward to the certainty that in a few short years we shall each go off at the extremities of life, she in old age, and I in infancy, and that we shall meet in heaven. Till that time arrives I will bear my misery with all the fortitude in my power.' Here he covered his face with his hands and wept bitterly."

But the humour in one or two of these stories, great as it is, is not by any means their finest characteristic. Now and then, indeed, the author's power of conceiving the wildest monomanias, and gravely embodying them in the history of a man otherwise sane, misleads him, we think, into moral improbability,—and there may be moral improbability even in a monomania. Mr. Ponsonby's monomania, for instance, we take to be exceedingly unlike the monomania of a mathematician. He is represented as having been a mathematical tutor in the University, and suddenly inherited a fortune, the effect of which was to shake the balance of his mind. In this state his mind dwells on that postulate of Euclid that a straight line may be extended to any length, and that a circle of any radius may be drawn from a given centre. Mr. Ponsonby interprets these postulates of Euclid as certainly no mathematical scholar, even with a mind off its balance, would be likely to interpret them. He argues that if a line can be extended to any length, however long, it can be "concentrated" in any length, however short, and even in a point, which is no length at all,—and so that if a circle can be drawn with any diameter, however wide, it can be concentrated till it has any diameter, however small, or even to the point which is its centre. And he argues that if this can be done with a line and a circle, it could be done with time, which is a kind of endless line, and founds thereupon a very glorious scheme, which Mr. Gilbert makes him describe with inimitable gravity, for "the concentration of Eternity." We cannot believe, however, that even monomania in a mathematician would absolutely eradicate the rudiments of mathematical ideas. Monomania rarely touches the clearest, simplest, and least morbid elements of a man's intellectual nature unless it destroys it altogether, and of course every mathematician knows that Euclid never meant for a moment to assume the power of extending or contracting a line, but only of extending the visible mark or external symbol of a line. You can no more extend or contract a line than you can extend or contract a direction, which every line is. And if Mr. Ponsonby were not talking of a line, but of linear magnitude, he must have known, unless his intellect had entirely gone, that an inch is an inch, and cannot be contracted to half an inch, though it can be halved, nor expanded to two inches, though it can be doubled. To found a mathematician's monomania on the notion of "concentrating" linear magnitude seems to us a very high moral improbability, as, while reason lasted at all, it would tell him that no definite mag-

nitude of any kind is capable either of increase or diminution,—the very idea of expansion and concentration being a physical, and not a mathematical idea. The dream of concentrating eternity by a certain circular arrangement of clocks all keeping time together, with a chronometer at the centre, humorous as it is, should surely not have been attributed to a mathematician of substantial attainments. Mr. Gilbert is wise enough to attribute the two physico-philosophical monomanias he chronicles to enterprising amateurs, with little or no real grasp of the principles of their science, and so he would have done well to attribute his mathematical monomania to some man who had never mastered the principles of his science.

Perhaps the finest tales in the book are the three called *L'Amour Médecin*, *Banquo's Ghost*, and *The Imprisoned Demon*. The power of the first consists in the extreme subtlety of the conception,—its heroine losing her sight and becoming totally blind from mental causes alone, or perhaps it would be truer to say from some influence, whether wholly mental or partly physical, the duration of which depends solely on the heroine's loss of joy in life, and which vanishes away when her happiness returns. The curious realism with which this subtle conception is worked out, and the true beauty of character with which Mr. Gilbert manages to endow his heroine, without a word of sentiment or panegyric, is beyond all praise. The story called *Banquo's Ghost* is perhaps the most lurid in the book, and yet, like all the others, it is matter-of-fact in every touch. It is a story of suicidal monomania, in which, however, the nature of the monomania is hidden even from the monomaniac himself until its very last stage. The hero is a bad solicitor who has made a large fortune out of the poor, the fatherless, and the widows, without ever transgressing the letter of the law. After retiring from business and losing the only human being he loved, he begins to dream every night the same dream,—in which a very beautiful child, quite unknown to him in life, always appears with some small object in her hand, the nature of which he cannot at first discern. Later on he is able to distinguish it in his dream, but never to remember it after he has awakened. The dream fills him with horror, both from its absolutely certain recurrence and from this mystery about it, and at last one day in a cutler's shop he sees lying on the table a razor wrapped in brown paper, and identifies it as the object which the child holds always in her hand. The ideal touch which heightens immeasurably the horror of this tale, is the beauty of the unknown child who appears in his dream to offer him the instrument of self-destruction. None of Mr. Gilbert's stories produce a more powerful impression than this one. The situation in the last tale called *The Imprisoned Demon* is equally finely imagined, and the way in which it is knitted into the monomania of the supposed narrator of all these cases of monomania, and made the cause of his leaving the asylum, is exceedingly skilful and artistic. We should be sorry, however, to spoil the interest of the tale by quoting from it.

Mr. Gilbert's greatest power is that of producing a thrill of really tragic feeling out of materials apparently so essentially common-place and trivial, so secular and earthy, so apparently unimaginatively conceived, and so prosaically narrated, that they seem to forbid all possibility of ideal interest. His literary coinage appears at first the copper or brass coinage in which you can scarcely receive anything of real value, but the image with which he stamps it is often so powerfully impressed and so full of expression, that you would be loath to exchange it for the silver and gold of imaginative literature.

THE OBERLAND AND ITS GLACIERS.*

MR. GEORGE has brought to his work clear knowledge of his subject, the results of much research, a good deal of genuine enthusiasm, and a considerable power of placing his readers in a position to see distinctly with the mind's eye the objects he brings before them—a merit by no means too common with travellers, who are apt to assume too much knowledge on the part of their audience. There is no doubt that the admirable photographs with which the work is illustrated, afford very material help in this respect. Until very recently descriptions of mountain scenery excited little or no interest in the minds of ordinary Englishmen. Our ignorance on the subject was profound, and our curiosity proportionally small. It was no superficial truism to which Bacon gave utterance when he said, "There must be a basis of knowledge before wonder can be felt." During the last few years we have just attained wonder-

* *The Oberland and its Glaciers*. Explored and illustrated with Ice Axe and Camera. By H. B. George, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: Alfred W. Bennett. 1866.

point, and are sufficiently awake to the silent histories written on every rugged mountain side and frozen into each gigantic ice river, to appreciate the labours of those who have been at the pains to try and decipher what these Titan children of nature may have to tell us. There are undoubtedly those who are prepared to assert that "if you have ascended one mountain you have ascended all," but to such a mental condition sunsets are a wearisome monotony, and spring itself brings no new combination of beauty. "The sameness," as Mr. George well observes, "is in the mind of him who makes the assertion." Our author, with a considerable party of friends, found himself, at the end of August, 1865, in Grindelwald. The camera was the centre round which the party was to revolve, while the photographer was the acknowledged head, to explore the Oberland and its glaciers their object, taking photographs wherever it might be desirable. The book is a monument of their success. It would probably be impossible to obtain a more perfect idea of the upper ice fall of the Ober-Grindelwald glaciers than the one presented to us in the frontispiece of this volume. Of course those to whom these glaciers are nothing more than ice-fields may see little in the photograph worthy of remark, as they probably see little in its original, but those to whom the study of the subject affords pleasure will examine the picture with no common interest. Mr. George follows Professor Tyndall's theory throughout, and regards his illustrations as helping to make plain that theory to those who, never having seen a glacier, "are unable to obtain any clear idea of what it is, except from elaborate *vis à voce* explanations of Alpine pictures." Assuming that the glacier is really an ice river, and that the question of motion is beyond dispute, the rate at which the glacier moves being really computable, though affected by many circumstances which make it difficult to arrive at an exact result, the fastest rate probably not exceeding 700 feet in a year, our author passes on to some of the main features observable on the surface of these mighty streams, which, till lately regarded as merely "the regions of eternal frost," are found to have played no unimportant part in the entire formation of the earth's surface, so much so that it would seem their work is almost done, and that great as is their present magnitude, it is but a shadow of the greatness that has been. Probably these glaciers have been observed by thousands who never considered the force which gave them birth. The description of their origin in the book before us is short and clear. Every one knows that more snow falls on the tops of high mountains than is melted by the sun, and seeing, as Mr. George quaintly observes, "mountains do not grow in height," something must become of the surplus. Now, as we are all aware, "Snow, in itself, is only minute particles of ice, so loosely joined together that a great proportion of air is enclosed in their interstices, which causes the snow, in its ice particles necessarily transparent, to appear white and opaque." We have only to imagine the air expelled from these particles to see that the ice must again become transparent, and that pressure would be the principal agent in this transformation, and it is easy to perceive that then the weight of ever accumulating snow would "force out the lower portions of the mass, and compel them to find place for themselves in whatever direction they can escape," which of course will be downwards into the great valleys. And the undulations of the surface are also accounted for. The passage of the mass of ice thus continually forced out is not over a smooth channel, but often over immense obstacles, which impede but never stop its way. Thus, for instance, when the mass has reached the brow of a precipice it must fall over to continue its course. The foremost portion will fall, and necessarily break with the strain, but before wholly dividing another and another will succeed, each cemented to the one which preceded it by the principle of regelation, while the whole presents the wave-like aspect so beautifully exemplified in a portion of the Ober Grindelwald glacier, as seen in the frontispiece. With slow but resistless force the glacier goes on its way. The Great Aletsch glacier gives us some idea how irresistible that force is. "Sweeping down in one majestic course, unbroken by a single ice fall, it has a character of deliberate yet irresistible force, which no obstacle, however strong, will avail to turn aside from its settled course. Its dimensions are truly colossal, measured from the foot of the Jungfrau Joch, against which abuts the upper end of the huge snowfield out of which the glacier directly issues, to the termination of the glacier in the magnificent gorge of the Massa, its length is fifteen miles, and its breadth nowhere less than 1,200 yards, in some places reaching nearly double that amount. The depth of the ice can hardly be guessed at. The lateral valley containing the Marjelen See, though of no small width, and at least a hundred feet lower than the glacier, has not the slightest effect in deflecting its course,

so enormously deep and solid is the mass of ice flowing down the channel of the Great Aletsch. The stream of the Massa, formed by the meltings of this single glacier, is double the size of the Rhone at their point of junction, although the latter conveys the accumulated waters of the whole Upper Valois." And if in an age which has passed away there were glaciers which bore in size the relation to the present which the mammoth bears to the mouse, which could "toas with ease huge rocks which their degenerate descendants of the present day could hardly support," we may realize in some faint degree the influence they may have had in the entire formation of the earth's surface; how they then "scooped out valleys, formed lake-beds, deposited chains of hills"—formed of moraines to which the present are ant-hills. "Into the vast plain of North Italy project whole ranges of hills, entirely composed of ancient moraines, brought down from Monte Rosa and piled on the plain by the gigantic glaciers which once streamed from the southern slope of the Alps. Many interesting details of these moraines or accumulations of earth, stones, &c., on the sides of the glaciers are given in these pages. Nor are the lighter features of glacier scenes forgotten. The tables, so curious in their formation as often to puzzle the superficial observer, are well described. Blocks of stone, sometimes a whole slab of granite, falling on the open glacier, "the stone protects the ice immediately under it, while the surrounding surface is wasted away, and thus gradually it is left on the top of a column of ice." A beautiful little photograph of one of these curious tables is given under the description at page 62. Then there are the glacier fountains, and the ice needles, with their glittering points, the ice peaks, the moulin, active and extinct, all illustrated; but if the subject of glaciers takes a somewhat prominent place in the work, the mountains loom with quite sufficient distinctness in the background; and new mountain routes are pointed out which will have a special interest for tourists given to mountaineering, and to all members of the Alpine Club, for whose special delectation we imagine the book is published. The ascent of the Jungfrau from the northern side, the Schneehorn bivouac, and other adventures by the way have all an interest for those who have made or may yet make the ascent. The pleasure of the whole party at finding the Nesthorn still unascended, resembles the delight with which the botanist seizes some new specimen or the antiquarian some undoubted relic. There is no better chapter in the book than the one which describes the ascent of the untried peak. Starting at four p.m. on September 18, they commenced the ascent, and after three or four hours' hard work suffered the sight of a glacier table to suggest the propriety of breakfast. Step-cutting in the ice is no mean provocative of hunger, but they soon pressed forward again, determined if possible to reach the summit by mid-day, and succeeded, standing there five minutes before that time, well repaid for the morning's exertion.

Mr. George describes the summit as "precisely similar in shape to the quarter of an orange. Two perfectly vertical walls of snow form an exact right angle, pointing eastward, and the enclosed slope is rounded off in a smooth, uniform curve, growing steeper at every yard." The view, which certainly, as he observes, would try the descriptive powers of a Ruskin, is well sketched, but it is impossible to extract more than a few lines:—

"Looking first to the east, in the direction whither the shape of the peak itself seems naturally to direct our attention, we see immediately at our feet its moraines dwarfed into mere dark bands on the clear white surface, the Ober Aletsch glacier, whence but a few hours ago we looked up at our present eminence with feelings of hope, considerably tempered by our total ignorance of what lay before us. Bounding the immediate foreground rises the steep uniform ridge that forms the eastern bank of the Great Aletsch, glowing crimson and scarlet with the autumn tints of the whortleberry and alpine rose; and far beyond towers the mighty mass of the Bernina, standing out dark and solitary against the pale green of the horizon. Southwards, to the right of the Bernina, the grey peaks of the Lombard Alps, sharp in the outlines of their actual tops, yet grouped so closely and so much obscured by the mists that fill the valleys as to render it impossible for the eye to distinguish their relative distances, form a background to the snowy range of the upper Rhone valley."

They lingered, taking in at every fresh glance a thousand new beauties, till Christian Almer, the indefatigable guide, warned them it was time to descend, and a day of perfect success and enjoyment was brought to a close by "a good dinner, and a bottle of champagne presented by our landlord, in honour of the only new peak within his dominions." We cannot follow the travellers further, though we wish we were able to give in full a curiously picturesque little description of the autumnal gathering together of the flocks on the Lusgen Alp, which through the summer find pasturage on the higher slopes. The gathering of the shepherds takes place on Sunday, and on "Monday evening all had so completely disappeared that the Nesthorn party were unable to find any

one interested in the fate of a stray sheep, which they had encountered close to the Ober Aletsch glacier, somewhat lame, and wearing on its black face an expression of the most pitiable perplexity and bewilderment." We would suggest that the photographs, which are excellent, should be studied under a strong light, and we cannot help hoping that photographing may eventually become a more general pursuit with tourists, taking the place of the sketches which so often afford but a meagre idea of the spot represented. Besides, the camera commands for some of the party the leisure so indispensable to research. Much of the real benefit of travel is lost through the speed with which every place is hurried through. We do all things rapidly in the present day, but, in the immediate presence of the mountain and the glacier, we might do well to pause, and inquire the origin and end of our feverish haste.

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.*

THIS "new writer" has a very fair chance of becoming an old writer, and a successful one too. There is delicacy of drawing and a mild gentle humour in this little story which give it the tone of true art. Dramatic power it has not. There is but little distinctness in any of the sketches of character, except Stock, the gardener, who is no doubt a copy from real life; old Mr. Lee, who is disagreeable and vulgar in manner, and therefore easier to paint; and Miss Wokenham, the schoolmistress, who is abrupt and eccentric, and therefore strongly outlined. The chief characters are all faint. You know whether they are good or bad, strong or weak, high-tempered or sweet-tempered, but they scarcely emerge out of the general mist of humanity into individual distinctness. Still all the moral atmosphere of the story is soft, mellow, and artistic, and has the touch of mild descriptive poetry about it, without being long-winded or wandering from the story into vague sentiment. The only objection we have to the art of the story is, that dwelling as it does on what we may call the poetry of Aunthood, and the renunciation of a good old lady's life, robbed in youth of her lover by the deceit and selfishness of a spoiled and more beautiful sister who had fallen in love with him herself, the old lady herself tells the story, which is all to her own credit, and rather chafes us with her own divine calm and self-forgetfulness. There is no doubt a great glory of self-sacrifice about any disinterested aunt's life who lives in her sister's children, and there is a doubly serene glory about it when the aunt in question has first forgiven so great an injury as 'Aunt Margaret' here forgave her sister Anna. Still, even when Anna, having first become a grandmother, is supposed to be dead, and Aunt Margaret the narrator is really great-Aunt Margaret, and thinking mildly of the last sleep for herself, there is something a little vexatious about her treasuring up the story of her wrongs and the sweet way in which she bore them for her great-niece Lucy, who is to be warned by them from all sorts of moral dangers. It would have been pleasanter if the transgressor, the grandmother herself, had written out this awful warning in the penitence of her own heart, for her little grandchild, and portrayed the sweetness of Aunt Margaret's virtues for the child to admire and imitate. But perhaps, however, it would have been less like human nature. Grandamma would scarcely have liked little Lucy to study her own early reckless temper and selfish disposition; and Aunt Margaret had clearly no objection to set that useful moral lesson before her little niece. Perhaps the art of the story is truer as it is, but then there should, we think, be just a little indication that the author is aware that, though she is writing in the name of a very good, kind, forgiving, humble-minded, self-sacrificing Auntie, the old lady is still susceptible of a little human elation at the superior part she played to that of her sister in the great act of her life. She must have been thus elated to write this story at all, and yet there is no hint given in it of this conscious elateness of Aunt Margaret's moral nature. It is even a little unnatural, after the indications given of her sister's passion for her lover, that she should have been quite blind to it. We doubt if any girl of ordinary insight, having gone through the two scenes described in this book, could have been without suspicion of the true state of her sister's heart. We rather think she did feel uneasy, but thought it unseemly to confess it. On the whole, though we like the old lady very much, we should have liked her better if she had been candid enough to admit to herself, first, that she liked thinking of her own great act of renunciation after its first pain had passed away, and felt a little saintly as she did so; and next, that she had been a little conscious of her sister's state of

heart, but had thought it more prudent and proper to ignore the fact.

With these slight exceptions we have really a very great respect for Aunt Margaret, and find in her elderly recollections of the great trial of her life a literary talent, as well as indications of great piety and virtue; nor are we disposed to think that the worthy old lady would have been at all indifferent to the pleasure of being credited with the former quality as well as the latter. Nothing can be better told, for instance, than the scene in which lively, abrupt Miss Wokenham, spinster and schoolmistress, "forty off," as the horsey men say, confesses her engagement to the French master who has attended to her pupils for many years back:—

"I was sitting with Aunt Gough, who was half asleep over a perfect Arachne's web of fine-drawing. 'Well, my mild-eyed Philosophy,' said Miss Wokenham, greeting me with a kiss, which I had to stoop down to receive. (Almost every one of her pupils she distinguished by a nickname. Mine was Philosophy. Anna she always called Will-o'-the-Wisp.) 'Well, my mild-eyed Philosophy, how are you? And how is dear Aunt? I need not ask how you are, Will-o'-the-Wisp, flashing and beaming brightly enough to lead a whole legion of unwary travellers astray, and mischievous enough to enjoy their floundering in the bog afterwards.' She had always a quick, lively manner, but she now spoke more rapidly than usual, and I, who knew her well, was certain she was fluttered and excited. She proved me to be right after a minute or two, when, seating herself on a broad low cushion just by Aunt Gough's knee, she clasped her hands tightly together, and said, abruptly, 'I'm not used to tell lies, and I find I can't even act one well. It's of no use my coming in with a swagger and pretending to be quite at my ease; for I'm not at my ease, and you know I'm not at my ease, and I know that you know that I am not at my ease. I've come on purpose to tell you something, Mrs. Gough, and, as the dear girls are here, they may as well stay and hear it too, for they must know it sooner or later.' She stopped an instant, but, seeing my Aunt was about to speak, held up her hand to beg for silence, and went on with a plunge. 'I am going to be married, and I know everything that can be said about the absurdity of such a step at my time of life. But I've balanced the disadvantages of living and dying a solitary lonely woman, without a human being to comfort me in sickness or sorrow, against the disadvantages of being laughed at for an old fool who threw away herself and her savings on the first frog-eating Frenchman who chose to hold up his finger to her, and I've come to the conclusion that I can endure ridicule in good company better than dreary old age by myself. So there's my great news, my dears, and you needn't put any restraint on the expression of your feelings.' I never heard any one observe that Aunt Gough was remarkable for tact, but she certainly had a way of doing and saying the right thing at the right moment, which fell like soothing balm on the feelings of those around her. She was what it is now the fashion to call 'sympathetic,' in a greater degree than any one I have ever known. When little Miss Wokenham had finished her speech, and sat panting with her mouth twisted into a strained smile, and her bright black eyes brimming with tears, my Aunt took her small hand gently in her own, and, patting it soothingly, said in her soft slow way, and without a trace of surprise in her voice, 'And very good news it is, too, and a very sensible woman I think you for bringing it. And who is to be the good man, my love?' The little woman jumped up and put her arms round my Aunt's neck, giving way now to a gush of tears. 'That's the phrase,' she said, 'the very phrase, you dear, kind soul! I have been puzzling how I should call him—not in my own thoughts, you know, but to other people; and I felt that my lover, or my betrothed, was out of the question. Even husband gave me a kind of shock. It's so late to begin, you know. But 'good man,' that is the very phrase! Cozy and prosy, and yet kindly. And you don't think me a weak old idiot, do you?' By-and-by the little woman calmed down, and received our congratulations with her usual sensible self-possession. Then, by degrees, she told us the story of her wooing. 'It's M'sieu' De Baugnot, the French master—Old Bogie, you know, girls. I shall be Mrs. Old Bogie. Won't that be a good name for me?'

And the picture of old Stock, the gardener, with his jealousy of the flowers of his rivals, is quite equally good. There is always a disagreeable name you can find for a rival's success if you only try, and Stock did try and succeed very fairly. This was his mode of characterizing the larger blossoms produced by rival gardeners:—

"'I'm going into the garden, Stock,' said I, 'to get a fresh posy for my Aunt.' This was an indiscreet speech.—'Ah!' growled Stock, 'the missus she don't want no posies out of this here garden. Not now, she don't.—O yes, she does, Stock. She thinks no flowers so sweet as her own.—'No more there bain't. None. The missus is right there, Miss Margrit. I knows summut about flowers, or I ought to it, and I'll 'fy all England to grow sweeter flowers nor orn. But it ain't sweetness now, nor yet completeness, as is the hobject wi' some. It's to have 'em wallopin' big uns. That's the hobject. You grow your flowers wallopers, an' you'll do.—'I don't think that, Stock.—'Well, Miss Margrit, I ain't a goin' to try it, whether or no. I allus done my dooty, and I allus means to. I say as them flowers as young Master Lee brings here is wallopers, and nothin' else but wallopers. And I say, as one o' the 'lect, that I shan't find no wallopers where I'm a goin' to. Me—and a few more—we shan't be called upon to keep company with wallopers.'"

Not only are there admirable little humorous touches of this kind in the tale, but the whole tone of sentiment is sweet and pleasant and very like what it professes to be, that of a good old Auntie—of some literary faculty—recalling the scenes and joys of her youth. The 'Lucy,' the didactic fiction of the book, for whom the story is supposed to be told, is rather an aggravating

* *Aunt Margaret's Trouble.* By a New Writer. London: Chapman and Hall.

figment to the reader. But we are not sure that she is really an unnatural hypothesis to explain the telling of such a tale. Kind old ladies have a notion in their heads that it really will do their nieces and great-nieces good to hear about their own early lives in the abstract, and their moral struggles in particular. Whether it does or not is another question. If the present reviewer had been 'Lucy,' he would have had a strong desire to cross-examine the other parties to the story, to ascertain if there was not another side to Aunt Margaret besides this transcendently saintly one. But of course Aunt Margaret would never even dream of Lucy's entertaining such a doubt in the matter, so that our objection is not an objection to the art, but rather to the effect of the story on a mind probably not exactly like Lucy's, and at all events capable of more complete impartiality in criticizing her (in any case admirable) Great-Aunt.

THE PAPAL DRAMA.*

THIS book is a huge leading article of the *Telegraph* kind. The author, Mr. T. H. Gill, a writer of much learning and patience, has read many books, consulted many authorities, and expended a praiseworthy amount of labour in the effort to produce a popular version of the story of the Papacy. We do not know that he has failed. On the contrary, we dare say he has succeeded, that he has produced a book which will be in great demand among men eager for historical pennance, for a book which will give them a sufficient outline of the facts they want in a sufficiently interesting form. To them a rapid, rattling history of the Papacy, which can be read through in a day, yet leaves an effective impression of every great Pope, may well be acceptable, and if this is all they want they may find it here. This, however, is but a petty success, and Mr. Gill is disqualified, or rather has disqualified himself, for claiming more. He is not philosophical, he is not impartial, and he has chosen to write in the most abominable of all styles, that which seeks to give an impression of power and freshness by imitation oratory, oratory of the stump, oratory in which large words are used to give the idea of sincerity, epithets that of force, and tautology that of eloquence. No man with a gleam of philosophical instinct could have written such a sentence as the following:—"Disbelievers in the divine origin and the divine authority of the Christian religion may regard the Papacy with feelings of mingled complacency and dislike, as an institution serviceable and beneficent in ages past, though worn out and pernicious now. But every earnest believer in Christianity as the full and final revelation of God, must look upon the Popedom either as the perfection or as the nethermost degradation thereof. It was more at home in those dark ages of which it was the creature; it may have done less harm then, it may have put forth some social restraint and held brute force in some check. But it was as much a spiritual corruption in the eleventh as in the sixteenth or the nineteenth century. Circumstances have rendered it more or less formidable, more or less pernicious; but it has remained throughout the supreme corruption of Christianity; and as such I deal with it throughout this volume." We are believers at once in the divine origin and the divine authority of Christianity, and certainly to us the Popedom is neither the "perfection" nor the "nethermost degradation" of that faith. It seems to us the embodiment of two very great ideas indeed—the visible unity of Christ's Church on earth, and the absolute supremacy of the spiritual over the material interests of mankind. No doubt the first idea was a mistake, but it was one into which a population incapable of abstract ideas was certain to fall, and which was excessively beneficial, in keeping up among mankind the notion of a common humanity which ought to bind all sections of the human race together. The Popedom was for ages the only centripetal force in the world, to this day is the sole power which openly affirms that there can exist no distinction of race, or birth, or colour before Christ. The second idea is true, the spiritual having an absolute right to rule the material, a right as absolute as that of the mind to rule the body, the only error being the assumption that the Papacy was the true interpreter of the spiritual on earth. We, who are Protestants to the backbone, venture to doubt whether the Papacy has even yet proved itself a mere corruption, whether a purified Papacy cleaned of many non-essentials, such as image worship, might not exercise a more beneficial influence among the dark races than any form of Protestantism. To say that the power which, in the worst age of human violence, declared that heaven was a higher object than glory, found retreats for men of learning which the men

of armour dared not touch, protested against and nearly abolished European slavery, guarded the revival of learning from the fury of the mob, and systematically fought the successive pretenders to universal monarchy, was a mere corruption, is to write history in the mere spirit of a partizan. Indeed Mr. Gill admits that "he lays no claim to the impartiality of religious indifference," and seems not to recognize that there may exist an impartiality of perfect faith. There have been martyrs who were impartial, and one or two at least of the early Reformers could see the whole utility of the Papal organization. There is no particular objection of course to one more avowedly partizan history of the Papacy, but can such a history be of real benefit to any sort of readers? Englishmen hate the Papacy already to such an extent that the infinite majority of them could not state the special Catholic doctrines, would tell you gravely that the Church believed bread and salt to be actually changed into the body of Christ, and that it upheld the theory of the worship of images,—is it worth while simply to increase that hate? Is the time never to come for analyzing the causes of the success and the failure of the greatest organization man has ever produced? We do not say Mr. Gill often or ever misrepresents; it is rather in a general tone of special pleading that he fails. He denounces Hildebrand for his ambition of universal empire, and never mentions that Catholicism by the law of its existence must claim universal power or none, and that Hildebrand in particular had no idea, any more than anybody else in his age, that the Roman Empire was dead, thought that he was simply claiming its powers for the spiritual instead of the secular power, said secular power being in objects at least very much worse than the spiritual. Secular power nowadays professes at all events to do justice, and love mercy, and seek the enlightenment and welfare of mankind, and the spiritual power does not, but in Hildebrand's time the positions were reversed. The persecution of Languedoc, again, was an atrocity, but it is hardly fair to call the Albigenes "early Puritans," or to conceal the undoubted fact that with emancipation from the priesthood came an emancipation from the moral law which would soon have dissolved society.

We are not, however, about to follow Mr. Gill step by step through the story of the Papacy; that would be to write it again, a task for which we have no qualifications, and we have a quarrel with him of another kind. That he can write well is plain from many pages of his book, and why does he deliberately adopt the style of all others least suited to the historian, the style which incessantly alludes to a fact instead of stating it, which mistakes colour for brilliancy, and stains even blood deep purple? Take this summary of Hildebrand's misdeeds:—"The Papal idea was altogether the conception of Hildebrand, and its realization was in great measure his work. He did not less skilfully devise the means than steadfastly pursue the end. He made war upon clerical matrimony as a source of clerical weakness, and built up Papal omnipotence upon priestly celibacy. He assisted at the triumph of transubstantiation. He set the Papacy in a path wherein it really walked for some time, and wherein it has affected to walk ever since. No man ever conceived a vaster or more daring design, or laboured more earnestly or successfully for its accomplishment. The great architect of Papal power, the perfecter of the arch-corruption of God's truth, must needs fill a very high, though a very unenviable, place among the master-spirits of the world." This "Papal drama" must be written either for those who know it or those who do not. Those who do, do not want it, and what will those who do not get out of that sentence about transubstantiation? They may deduce, though they are not told, that Hildebrand was the first to secure the compulsory celibacy of the clergy, and thus change the clerical order into a corporation without earthly ties or human affections, but about transubstantiation they will learn nothing whatever. Or what can be the temptation of a scholar to "pile up the agony" like this? Mr. Gill is not writing for the *Telegraph*, yet he says of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew:—"Gregory XIII., if not quite the match, was no unworthy successor of the perfect pontiff, was no faint and lukewarm foe of the Reformation, no slack or unskilful captain of the Roman Catholic host in its onslaught on Protestantism. He began his pontificate worthily and significantly. The opening of his reign was signalized by the chief exploit and supreme triumph of the Roman Catholic reaction, by the most horrible crime in history, that largest and most deadly manifestation of the evil passions of man's heart, that masterpiece of treachery and cruelty, that huge bath and mighty banquet of blood, which never has had and never will have fellow or rival, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew—the long and deliberately planned slaughter of 30,000 Protestants by fellow-countrymen

* *The Papal Drama*. A Historical Essay. By Thomas H. Gill, author of "The Anniversaries." London: Longmans.

with whom they had recently contracted amity, of subjects by a Government that had lately and solemnly pledged them its protection, and of guests by hosts who had given a special invitation and afforded an ostentatious hospitality." How can anything be at once a bath and a banquet, and what is the good of calling a massacre either? When he has said all that he still thinks he has not said enough, and indulges in an immensely long note in a further profusion of epithets:—"This transcendent crime, the joint work of a perjured Government, a corrupt Court, infuriated party chiefs, a frantic mob, and a ruthless priesthood, the foulest and most perfidious of plots, the most deliberate and terrible of *coups d'état*, the most ferocious of popular outrages, the uttermost achievement of political faction and religious hatred, stands forth *facillime princeps* among the many horrors of history." Surely the "perjured Government" was also the corrupt Court, Catherine de Medici being the moving spring of both. The only effect of such a profusion of words, such dabbling with colour, is to make quiet men doubt whether a writer who can let himself loose in that style can be trusted at all. As it happens, we believe Mr. Gill's point is fairly correct, that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was the most treacherous ever committed, though we doubt whether two acts of the same kind, which he has not included in his enumeration, the expulsion of the Moors and the Dragonnades, were not more deliberately and coldly cruel. But writing of this kind only disguises accuracy to those who cannot test it, while it disgusts those who can, till a book like this, the result of patient

labour and much thought, is cast aside with a contemptuous "pshaw." It is no doubt a hard thing to define the style which best suits a narrative in which such condensation is demanded as in Mr. Gill's book, the condensation of a biography like Hildebrand's into half-a-dozen pages, but Gibbon weakened is most certainly not the style. The words take up the room of facts, and the excess of colour accumulates in almost grotesque patches. The annalist's style is a little too cold for to-day, but simplicity is always strong and almost invariably clear. Had Mr. Gill cultivated it a little more, pruned away epithets, substituted direct statements for allusions, and remembered that perpetual antithesis is as tiresome as perpetual partridge, his book might have had a popularity with classes who sicken at *Telegraph* leaders and hold George Gilfillan a silly charlatan.

* * In the account of the interview between James I. and Mrs. Welsh that we extracted last week from Rev. J. Young's *Life of Welsh*, the English word "keep" was, by an oversight, substituted for the Scotch "kep" ("receive," according to Mr. Young, but better "catch"). Mrs. Welsh intended to let the King know that she would rather stand by the block and catch her husband's head as it fell than persuade him to submit to the Bishops. We are informed also that in another sentence the authorized version of the story has "leave," instead of "advice," and that "buike" is a corrupt reading for "bruike." The story seems to be an old and a popular one in Scotland, and some of our friends there are anxious that none of the flavour should be lost.

NOTICE.—Contributors are requested to keep a copy of their Articles sent to this Journal, as the Editors cannot undertake to return rejected MS.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Longman and Co.—The History of France, by E. E. Crowe, Vol. IV.: Our Sermons, by the Rev. R. Gee. Hurst and Blackett.—The Life of Josiah Wedgwood, by Eliza Meteyard; *Nora's Trial*, 3 vols. William Tegg—Smith's Sermons, Vol. II.; the History of Napoleon Buonaparte, by John G. Lockhart. Saunders, Oley, and Co.—The French Cavalry and Her Lodging, by J. H. Stallard; *Memoirs of Sir S. B. Ellis*. Richard Bentley—For Ever and Ever, by Florence Marryat, 3 vols. Edmonston and Douglas—France under Richelieu and Colbert, by J. H. Bridges. Jackson, Walford and Co.—Our Hymns, their Authors and Origin, by Josiah Miller. Virtue and Co.—The Throne of David, by the Rev. J. H. Ingraham. Whittaker and Co.—The Song of Rest, by Alexander W. Buchan. Cassell, Petter, and Co.—The Quiver, Vol. I. Hall and Co.—Poems, by T. Cox. George Routledge and Sons—Penny Readings.

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